MISCELLANIES.

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

CONSISTING of,

VERSES

BY

Dr. *SWIFT*, Dr. *ARBUTHNOT*,
Mr. *POPE*, and Mr. *GAY*.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

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MISCELLANIES

IN

VERSE.

N.B. *Whatever Verses are not marked with an Asterisk* * *in this Volume are Dr.* Swift's.

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CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Written *Anno* 1713.

THE *Shepherds* and the *Nymphs* were seen
Pleading before the *Cyprian* Queen.
The Council for the fair began,
Accusing the false Creature *Man*.

The Brief with weighty Crimes was charg'd,
On which the Pleader much enlarg'd;
That *Cupid* now has loſt his Art,
Or blunts the Point of ev'ry Dart;
His Altar now no longer ſmokes,
His Mother's Aid no Youth invokes:
This tempts Free-thinkers to refine,
And bring in Doubt their Pow'r divine;
Now Love is dwindled to Intrigue,
And Marriage grown a Money-League.
Which Crimes aforeſaid (with her Leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Againſt our Sov'reign Lady's Peace,
Againſt the Statutes in that Caſe,
Againſt her Dignity and Crown:
Then pray'd an Anſwer and ſat down.

THE *Nymphs* with Scorn beheld their Foes:
When the Defendant's Council roſe,
And, what no Lawyer ever lack'd,
With Impudence own'd all the Fact.
But, what the gentleſt Heart would vex,
Laid all the Fault on t'other Sex.
That modern Love is no ſuch Thing
As what thoſe ancient Poets ſing;
A Fire celeſtial, chaſte, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the Mind,

Which

Which having found an equal Flame,
Unites, and both becomes the ſame,
In diff'rent Breaſts together burn,
Together both to Aſhes turn.
But Women now feel no ſuch Fire,
And only know the groſs Deſire;
Their Paſſions move in lower Spheres,
Where-e'er Caprice or Folly ſteers.
A Dog, a Parrot, or an Ape,
Or ſome worſe Brute in human Shape,
Engroſs the Fancies of the Fair,
The few ſoft Moments they can ſpare,
From Viſits to receive and pay,
From Scandal, Politicks, and Play,
From Fans, and Flounces, and Brocades,
From Equipage and Park-Parades,
From all the thouſand Female Toys,
From ev'ry Trifle that employs
The out or inſide of their Heads,
Between their Toylets and their Beds.

In a dull Stream, which moving ſlow
You hardly ſee the Current flow,
If a ſmall breeze obſtructs the Courſe,
It whirls about for want of Force,
And in its narrow Circle gathers
Nothing but Chaff, and Straws, and Feathers:
The Current of a Female Mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry Wind;

Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, Fops, and Rakes, for Chaff and Straws.
Hence we conclude, no Womens Hearts
Are won by Virtue, Wit, and Parts;
Nor are the Men of Senſe to blame,
For Breaſts incapable of Flame:
The Fault muſt on the *Nymphs* be plac'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their Taſte.

THE Pleader having ſpoke his beſt,
Had Witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on Oath depoſe,
When Queſtions on the Fact aroſe,
That ev'ry Article was true;
Nor further thoſe Deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The Bill might be with Coſts diſmiſt.

THE Cauſe appear'd of ſo much Weight,
That *Venus* from the Judgment-Seat,
Deſir'd them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a Cloud:
For if the Heav'nly Folk ſhould know
Theſe Pleadings in the Courts below,
That Mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhew her Face above.
For Gods, their Betters, are too wiſe
To value that which Men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my Son and I
Muſt ſtrole in Air 'twixt Earth and Sky;

Or

Or elſe, ſhut out from Heav'n and Earth,
Fly to the Sea, my Place of Birth;
There live with dagg'd *Mermaids* pent,
And keep on Fiſh perpetual *Lent.*

BUT ſince the Caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take Advice.
The *Muſes*, by their King's Permiſſion,
Tho' Foes to Love, attend the Seſſion,
And on the Right Hand took their Places
In Order; on the Left, the *Graces*:
To whom ſhe might her Doubts propoſe
On all Emergencies that roſe.
The *Muſes* oft were ſeen to frown;
The *Graces* half aſham'd look down;
And 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either Sex, among the Crew,
Whom ſhe or her Aſſeſſors knew.
The Goddeſs ſoon began to ſee
Things were not ripe for a Decree,
And ſaid ſhe muſt conſult her Books,
The *Lovers Fleta's*, *Bractons*, *Cokes*.
Firſt to a dapper Clerk ſhe beckon'd,
To turn to *Ovid*, Book the Second;
She then referr'd them to a Place
In *Virgil* (*vide Dido*'s Caſe;)
As for *Tibullus*'s Reports,
They never paſs'd for Law in Courts:
For *Cowley*'s Brief, and Pleas of *Waller*,
Still their Authority is ſmaller.

THERE was on both Sides much to ſay:
She'd hear the Cauſe another Day,
And ſo ſhe did, and then a Third,
She heard it —— there ſhe kept her Word;
But with Rejoinders and Replies,
Long Bills, and Anſwers, ſtuff'd with Lies,
Demur, Imparlance, and Eſſoign,
The Parties ne'er could Iſſue join:
For Sixteen Years the Cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood where it firſt begun.

NOW, gentle *Clio*, ſing or ſay,
What *Venus* meant by this Delay.
The Goddeſs much perplex'd in Mind,
To ſee her Empire thus declin'd,
When firſt this grand Debate aroſe
Above her Wiſdom to compoſe,
Conceiv'd a Project in her Head,
To work her Ends; which if it ſped,
Wou'd ſhew the Merits of the Cauſe,
Far better than conſulting Laws.

IN a glad Hour *Lucina*'s Aid
Produc'd on Earth a wond'rous Maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new Experiment,
She threw her Law-books on the Shelf,
And thus debated with herſelf.

SINCE Men alledge they ne'er can find,
Thoſe beauties in a Female Mind,

Which

Which raiſe a Flame that will endure
For ever, uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with Reaſon they complain,
This Inſtant ſhall reſtore my Reign.
I'll ſearch where ev'ry Virtue dwells,
From Courts incluſive down to Cells.
What Preachers talk, or Sages write,
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to Mankind
Collected in that Infant's Mind.

THIS ſaid, ſhe plucks in Heav'n's high Bow'rs
A Sprig of *Amaranthine* Flow'rs,
In Nectar thrice infuſes Bays,
Three Times refin'd in *Titan*'s Rays:
Then calls the *Graces* to her Aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born Maid.
From whence the tender Skin aſſumes
A Sweetneſs above all Perfumes;
From whence a Cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward Stains;
From whence that Decency of Mind,
So lovely in a Female Kind.
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the Speech of Prudes;
Where never Bluſh was call'd in Aid,
The ſpurious Virtue in a Maid,
A Virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh becauſe they underſtand.

THE

THE *Graces* next would act their Part,
And ſhew but little of their Art;
Their Work was half already done,
The Child with native Beauty ſhone,
The outward Form no Help requir'd:
Each breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd
That gentle, ſoft, engaging Air,
Which in old Times adorn'd the Fair;
And ſaid, "*Vaneſſa* be the Name,
"By which thou ſhalt be known to Fame;
"*Vaneſſa*, by the God's enroll'd:
"Her Name on Earth —— ſhall not be told.
BUT ſtill the Work was not compleat,
When *Venus* thought on a Deceit:
Drawn by her Doves, away ſhe flies,
And finds out *Pallas*, in the Skies:
Dear *Pallas*, I have been this Morn
To ſee a lovely Infant born:
A Boy in yonder Iſle below,
So like my own without his Bow,
By Beauty cou'd your Heart be won,
You'd ſwear it is *Apollo*'s Son;
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a Child
So hopeful, has by me been ſpoil'd;
I have enough beſides to ſpare,
And give him wholly to your Care.
WISDOM's above ſuſpecting Wiles;
The Queen of Learning gravely ſmiles,

Down

Down from *Olympus* comes with Joy,
Miſtakes *Vaneſſa* for a Boy;
Then ſows within her tender Mind
Seeds long unknown to Womankind;
For manly Boſoms chiefly fit,
The Seeds of Knowledge, Judgment, Wit,
Her Soul was ſuddenly endu'd
With Juſtice, Truth and Fortitude;
With Honour, which no Breath can ſtain,
Which Malice muſt attack in vain:
With open Heart, and bounteous Hand:
But *Pallas* here was at a Stand;
She knew in our degen'rate Days
Bare Virtue could not live on Praiſe,
That Meat muſt be with Money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond Thought,
Infus'd yet as it were by Stealth,
Some ſmall Regard for State and Wealth:
Of which as ſhe grew up there ſtay'd
A Tincture in the prudent Maid:
She manag'd her Eſtate with Care,
Yet lik'd three Footmen to her Chair,
But leſt he ſhould neglect his Studies
Like a young Heir, the thrifty Goddeſs
(For fear young Maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd,)
Wou'd uſe him like a younger Child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twou'd come to juſt Five Thouſand Pound.

THE

THE Queen of Love, was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee *Vaneſſa* thus endow'd;
She doubted not but ſuch a Dame
Thro' ev'ry Broaſt would dart a Flame;
That ev'ry rich and lordly Swain
With Pride wou'd drag about her Chain;
That Scholars won'd forſake their Books
To ſtudy bright *Vaneſſa*'s Looks:
As ſhe advanc'd that Womankind
Wou'd by her Model form their Mind,
And all their Conduct wou'd be try'd
By her, as an unerring Guide.
Offending Daughters oft wou'd hear
Vaneſſa's Praiſe rung in their Ear:
Miſs *Betty*, when ſhe does a Fault,
Lets fall her Knife, or ſpills the Salt,
Will thus be by her Mother chid,
"'Tis what *Vaneſſa* never did."
Thus by the Nymphs and Swains ador'd,
My Pow'r ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy Lovers bleſs my Reign ——
So *Venus* hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

FOR when in Time the *Martial Maid*
Found out the Trick that *Venus* play'd,
She ſhakes her Helm, ſhe knits her Brows,
And fir'd with Indignation vows,
To-morrow, e'er the Setting-Sun,
She'd all undo, that ſhe had done.

BUT

BUT in the Poets we may find
A wholesome Law, Time out of Mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's Decree;
That God's of whatsoe'er Degree,
Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
Or any Brother-God in Heav'n;
Which keeps the Peace among the Gods,
Or they must always be at Odds.
And *Pallas*, if she broke the Laws,
Must yield her Foe the stronger Cause;
A Shame to one so much ador'd
For Wisdom, at *Jove*'s Council-Board.
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Wou'd meet with better Friends above.
And tho' she must with Grief reflect,
To see a mortal Virgin deck'd
With Graces, hitherto unknown
To Female Breasts, except her own;
Yet she would act as best became
A Goddess of unspotted Fame;
She knew by Augury Divine,
Venus wou'd fail in her Design:
She study'd well the Point, and found
Her Foes Conclusions were not sound,
From Premisses erroneous brought,
And therefore the Deduction's nought,
And must have contrary Effects
To what her treach'rous Foe expects.

IN proper Season *Pallas* meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
(For Gods, we are by *Homer* told,
Can in Celestial Language scold)
Perfidious Goddess! but in vain
You form'd this Project in your Brain,
A Project for thy Talents fit,
With much Deceit, and little Wit;
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thy self, instead of me;
For how can Heav'nly Wisdom prove
An Instrument to Earthly Love?
Know'st thou not yet that Men commence
Thy Votaries, for Want of Sense?
Nor shall *Vanessa* be the Theme
To manage thy abortive Scheme;
She'll prove the greatest of thy Foes,
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But using neither Skill, nor Force,
Leave all Things to their nat'ral Course.

THE Goddess thus pronounc'd her Doom;
When, lo! *Vanessa* in her Bloom,
Advanc'd like *Atalanta*'s Star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new World with Caution kept,
Watch'd all the Company she kept,
Well knowing from the Books she read
What dang'rous Paths young Virgins tread;

Wou'd

Wou'd ſeldom at the Park appear,
Nor ſaw the Play-houſe twice a Year;
Yet not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the Converſe of Mankind.

FIRST iſſued from Perfumers Shops
A Croud of faſhionable Fops;
They aſk'd her, how ſhe lik'd the Play?
Then told the Tattle of the Day.
A Duel fought laſt Night at Two,
About a Lady —— You know who;
Mention'd a new *Italian*, come
Either from *Muſcovy* or *Rome*;
Gave Hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the Weather:
Laſt Night was ſo extremely fine,
The Ladies walk'd till after Nine.
Then in ſoft Voice, and Speech abſurd,
With Nonſenſe ev'ry ſecond Word,
With Fuſtian from exploded Plays,
They celebrate her Beauty's Praiſe,
Run o'er their Cant of ſtupid Lies,
And tell the Murders of her Eyes.

WITH ſilent ſcorn *Vaneſſa* ſat,
Scarce liſt'ning to their idle Chat;
Further than ſometimes by a Frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At laſt ſhe ſpitefully was bent
To try their Wiſdom's full Extent;

And

And ſaid, ſhe valu'd nothing leſs
Than Titles, Figure, Shape, and Dreſs;
That Merit ſhould be chiefly plac'd
In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit, and Taſte;
And theſe, ſhe offer'd to diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh'd Man from Brute:
That, preſent Times have no Pretence
To Virtue, in the Noble Senſe,
By *Greeks* and *Romans* underſtood,
To periſh for our Country's Good.
She nam'd the ancient Heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then ſpoke with Cenſure, or Applauſe,
Of foreign Cuſtoms, Rites, and Laws;
Thro' Nature and thro' Art ſhe rang'd,
And gracefully her Subject chang'd:
In vain; her Hearers had no Share
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their Judgment was upon the Whole,
——That Lady is the dulleſt Soul——
Then tipt their Forehead in a Jeer,
As who ſhould ſay —— ſhe wants it here;
She may be handſome, young and rich,
But none will burn her for a Witch.

A PARTY next of glitt'ring Dames,
From round the Purlieus of St. *James*,
Came early, out of pure Good-will,
To ſee the Girl in Deſhabille.

Their

Their Clamour lighting from their Chairs,
Grew louder, all the Way up Stairs:
At Entrance loudeſt, where they found
The Room with Volumes litter'd round.
Vaneſſa held *Montaigne*, and read,
Whilſt Mrs. *Suſan* comb'd her Head:
They call'd for Tea and Chocolate,
And fell into their uſual Chat,
Diſcourſing with important Face,
On Ribbons, Fans, and Gloves and Lace:
Shew'd Patterns juſt from *India* brought,
And gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought,
Whether the Red or Green were beſt,
And what they coſt? *Vaneſſa* gueſs'd,
As came into her Fancy firſt,
Nam'd half the Rates, and lik'd the worſt.
To Scandal next ——What awkward Thing
Was that, laſt *Sunday*, in the Ring?
I'm ſorry *Mopſa* breaks ſo faſt;
I ſaid her Face wou'd never laſt.
Corinna with that youthful Air,
Is Thirty, and a Bit to ſpare.
Her Fondneſs for a certain Earl
Began, when I was but a Girl.
Phyllis, who but a Month ago,
Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge* Beau,
I ſaw coquetting t'other Night
In publick with that odious Knight.

THEY rally her Brocade and Fan,
That Gown was made for old Queen Anne.
Dear Madam, let me set your Head,
Don't you intend to put on Red?
A Petticoat without a Hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop!
With handsome Garters at your Knees,
No matter what a Fellow sees.

FILL'D with Disdain, with Rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and Sex asham'd,
The Nymph stood silent out of Spight,
Nor wou'd vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair Detractors went,
And gave, by Turns, their Censures Vent.
She's not so handsome, in my Eyes:
For Wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the most:
But why proclaim her for a Toast?
A Baby Face, no Life, no Airs,
But what she learnt at Country Fairs:
Scarce knows what Diff'rence is between
Rich *Flanders* Lace, and *Colberteen*.
I'll undertake my little *Nancy*,
In Flounces has a better Fancy.
With all her Wit, I wou'd not ask
Her Judgment, how to buy a Mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her Face,
She never hit one proper Place;

Which ev'ry Girl at five Years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion Stuff
Becomes the *Creature* well enough.
The Girl might pass, if one could get her
To know the World a little better.
(*To know the World*, a modern Phrase,
For Visits, Ombre, Balls and Plays.)

THUS, to the World's perpetual Shame,
The *Queen of Beauty* lost her Aim;
Too late with Grief she understood
Pallas had done more than Good.
For great Examples are but vain,
Where Ignorance begets Disdain.
Both Sexes, arm'd with Guilt and Spite,
Against *Vanessa*'s Pow'r unite:
To copy her few Nymphs aspir'd,
Her Virtues fewer Swains admir'd.
So Stars, beyond a certain Height,
Give Mortals neither Heat nor Light.

YET some of either Sex, endow'd
With Gifts superior to the Crow'd,
With Virtue, Knowledge, Taste and Wit,
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing Arts she could reduce
Men's Talents to their proper Use;
And with Address each Genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;

Thus making others Wisdom known,
Cou'd please them, and improve her own.
A modest Youth said something new,
She plac'd it in the strongest View.
All humble Worth she strove to raise;
Wou'd not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The Learned met with free Approach,
Although they came not in a Coach.
Some Clergy too she wou'd allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their awkward Bow.
But this was for *Cadenus*' Sake;
A Gownman of a different Make.
Whom *Pallas*, once *Vanessa*'s Tutor,
Had fix'd on for her Coadjutor.

BUT *Cupid*, full of Mischief, longs
To vindicate his Mother's Wrongs.
On *Pallas* all Attempts are vain;
One Way he knows to give her Pain;
Vows, on *Vanessa*'s Heart to take
Due Vengeance, for her Patron's Sake.
Those early Seeds by *Venus* sown,
In spite of *Pallas*, now were grown;
And *Cupid* hop'd they would improve
By Time, and ripen into Love.
The Boy made use of all his Craft,
In vain discharging many a Shaft,
Pointed at Colonels, Lords, and Beaux;
Cadenus warded off the Blows,

For

For placing ſtill ſome Book betwixt,
The Darts were in the Cover fix'd,
Or often blunted and recoil'd,
On *Plutarch*'s Morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.

THE Queen of Wiſdom could foreſee,
But not prevent the Fates Decree;
And human Caution tries in vain
To break that Adamantine Chain.
Vaneſſa, tho' by *Pallas* taught,
By *Love* invulnerable thought,
Searching in Book's for Wiſdom's Aid,
Was, in the very Search, betray'd.

CUPID, tho' all his Darts were loſt,
Yet ſtill reſolv'd to ſpare no Coſt;
He could not anſwer to his Fame
The Triumphs of that ſtubborn Dame,
A Nymph ſo hard to be ſubdu'd,
Who neither was Coquette nor Prude.
I find, ſays he, ſhe wants a Doctor,
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her;
I'll give her what ſhe moſt admires,
Among thoſe venerable Sires.
Cadenus is a Subject fit,
Grown old in Politicks and Wit;
Careſs'd by Miniſters of State,
Of half Mankind the Dread and Hate.
Whate'er Vexations Love attend,
She need no Rivals apprehend.

Her Sex, with universal Voice,
Must laugh at her capricious Choice.

CADENUS many Things had writ,
Vaneſſa much esteem'd his Wit,
And call'd for his Poetic Works:
Mean Time the Boy in Secret lurks,
And while the Book was in her Hand,
The Urchin from his private Stand
Took Aim, and shot with all his Strength
A Dart of such prodigious Length,
It pierc'd the feeble Volume thro',
And deep transfixt her Bosom too.
Some Lines, more moving than the rest,
Struck to the Part that pierc'd her Breast;
And, borne directly to the Heart,
With Pains unknown, increas'd her Smart.

VANESSA, not in Years a Score,
Dreams of a Gown of forty-four;
Imaginary Charms can find,
In Eyes with Reading almost blind;
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in Health, advanc'd in Years.
She fancies Muſick in his Tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What Mariner is not afraid,
To venture in a Ship decay'd?
What Planter will attempt to yoke
A Sapling with a falling Oak?

As Years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines,
Cadenus with each Day declines,
And he muſt fall a Prey to Time,
While ſhe continues in her Prime.

CADENUS, common Forms apart,
In ev'ry Scene had kept his Heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For Paſtime, or to ſhew his Wit.
But Time, and Books, and State Affairs,
At laſt had ſpoil'd his faſhionable Airs.
He now cou'd plain, elegant, approv'd
His Conduct might have ſtill'd
A Father, and the Nymph his Child.
That innocent Delight he took
To ſee the Virgin mind her Book;
Was but the Maſter's ſecret Joy
In School to hear the cleaneſt Boy,
Her Knowledge with her Fancy grew,
She hourly preſs'd for ſomething new,
Ideas came into her Mind
So faſt, his Lectures lagg'd behind;
She reaſon'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her Judgment wrong.
But now a ſudden Change was wrought,
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such Marks of a diſtracted Mind;

For tho' she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her Thoughts would absent range,
Yet gues's'd not whence could spring the Change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His Pupil might be tir'd with Lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his Pride,
Yet gave him not the Heart to chide;
But in a mild dejected Strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain:
Said, she should be no longer teas'd,
Might have her Freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd he us'd wrong Means,
To hide her from the World in Books;
And in dull Studies to engage
One of her tender Sex and Age.
That ev'ry Nymph with Envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *Grande Mode*,
And ev'ry Shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a Nun.
This was a visionary Scheme;
He wak'd, and found it but a Dream;
A Project far above his Skill,
For Nature must be Nature still.
If she was bolder than became
A Scholar to a courtly Dame,
She might excuse a Man of Letters;
Thus Tutors often treat their Betters,

And

And ſince his Talk offenſive grew,
He came to take his laſt Adieu.

VANESSA, fill'd with juſt Diſdain,
Would ſtill her Dignity maintain,
Inſtructed from her early Years
To ſcorn the Art of Female Tears.

HAD he employ'd his Time ſo long,
To teach her what was Right or Wrong,
Yet cou'd ſuch Notions entertain,
That all his Lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wand'ring of her Thoughts,
But he muſt anſwer for her Faults.
She well remember'd, to her Coſt,
That all his Leſſons were not loſt.
Two Maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad Experience taught her Uſe;
That Virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dare not own;
Can make us without Fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt Secrets to our Foes;
That common Forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble Mind.
Now, ſaid the Nymph, I'll let you ſee
My Actions with your Rules agree,
That I can vulgar Forms deſpiſe,
And have no Secrets to diſguiſe.
I knew by what you ſaid and writ,
How dang'rous Things were Men of Wit;

You

You caution'd me against their Charms
But never gave me equal Arms;
Your Lessons found the weakest Part,
Aim'd at the Head, but reach'd the Heart.
CADENUS felt within him rise
Shame, Disappointment, Guilt, Surprize.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such Language, with her usual Style:
And yet her Words were so express,
He cou'd not hope she spoke in Jest.
His Thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her Mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the Nymph were Young or Old:
Had met her in a publick Place,
Without distinguishing her Face:
Much less cou'd his declining Age
Vanessa's earliest Thoughts engage.
And if her Youth, Indifference, or
His Person shunn'd Contempt, beget
Or grant her Passion be sincere,
How shall his Innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The World must think him in the wrong:
Wou'd say, He made a treacherous Use
Of Wit, to flatter and seduce:
The Town wou'd swear he had betray'd,
By Magick-Spells, the harmless Maid;

And

And ev'ry Beau wou'd have his Jokes,
That Scholars are like other Folks;
That when Platonick Flights were over,
The Tutor turn'd a mortal Lover.
So tender of the young and Fair?
It shew'd a true Paternal Care——
Five Thousand Guineas in her Purse?
The Doctor might have fancy'd worse.——

HARDLY at length the Silence broke,
And faulter'd ev'ry Word he spoke;
Interpreting her Complaisance,
Just as a Man *sans Consequence*.
She rally'd well, he always knew;
Her Manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an Air,
As serious as a Tragick Player.
But those who aim at Ridicule,
Shou'd fix upon some certain Rule,
Which fairly hints they are in Jest,
Else he must enter his Protest;
For let a Man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober Lies;
A Science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper Light,
'Tis just what Coxcombs call a *Bite*.

BUT not to dwell on Things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the Dispute,

Brought

Brought weighty Arguments to prove
That Reason was her Guide in Love.
She thought he had himself describ'd,
His Doctrines when she first imbib'd;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His Virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or Contempt her Fancy strikes.
Self-love in Nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her,
She loves herself, and that's the Matter.
How was her Tutor wont to praise,
The Genius's of ancient Days!
(Those Authors he so oft had nam'd
For Learning, Wit, and Wisdom fam'd)
Was struck with Love, Esteem, and Awe,
For Persons whom he never saw.
Suppose *Cadenus* flourish'd then,
He must adore such God-like Men.
If one short Volume cou'd comprize
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How wou'd it be esteem'd, and read,
Altho' the Writer long were dead;
If such an Author were alive,
How all wou'd for his Friendship strive;
And come in Crowds to see his Face?
And this she takes to be her Case.

Cadenus anſwers ev'ry End,
The Book, the Author, and the Friend,
The utmoſt her Deſires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach;
His Converſe is a Syſtem fit
Alone to fill up all her Wit;
While ev'ry Paſſion of her Mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with Speech inſpire a Mute,
And taught *Vaneſſa* to diſpute.
This Topick, never touch'd before,
Diſplay'd her Eloquence the more:
Her Knowledge, with ſuch Pains acquir'd,
By this new Paſſion grew inſpir'd.
Thro' this ſhe made all Objects paſs,
Which gave a Tincture o'er the Maſs;
As Rivers, tho' they bend and twine,
Still to the Sea their Courſe incline;
Or, as Philoſophers, who find
Some fav'rite Syſtem to their Mind,
In ev'ry Point to make it fit,
Will force all Nature to ſubmit.

CADENUS, who cou'd ne'er ſuſpect
His Leſſons wou'd have ſuch Effect,
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her Side;
It was an unforeſeen Event,
Things took a Turn he never meant.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a Hero to our Eyes;
Each Girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the Teacher in her Thought.
When Miss delights in her Spinnet,
A Fidler may a Fortune get:
A Blockhead, with melodious Voice,
In Boarding-Schools can have his Choice;
And oft' the Dancing-Master's Art
Climbs from the Toe to touch the Heart.
In Learning let a Nymph delight,
The Pedant gets a Mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his Grief and Shame,
Cou'd scarce oppose *Vanessa*'s Flame;
But tho' her Arguments were strong,
At least cou'd hardly with them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he cou'd not tell,
But, sure, she never talk'd so well.
His Pride began to interpose,
Preferr'd before a Crowd of Beaux,
So bright a Nymph to come unsought,
Such Wonder by his Merit wrought;
'Tis Merit must with her prevail,
He never knew her Judgment fail.
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning Head.
'Tis an old Maxim in the Schools,
That Vanity's the Food of Fools;

Yet

Yet now and then your Men of Wit
Will condescend to take a Bit.
So when *Cadenus* cou'd not hide,
He chose to justify his Pride;
Constr'ring the Passion she had shown,
Much to her Praise, more to his Own.
Nature in him had Merit plac'd,
In her, a most judicious Taste.
Love, hitherto a transient Guest,
Ne'er held Possession in his Breast;
So long attending at the Gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love, why do we one Passion call?
When 'tis a Compound of them all;
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their Equipages meet;
Where Pleasures mix'd with Pains appear,
Sorrow with Joy, and Hope with Fear.
Wherein his Dignity and Age
Forbid *Cadenus* to engage.
But Friendship in its greatest Height,
A constant, rational Delight,
On Virtue's Basis fix'd to last,
When Love's Allurements long are past;
Which gently warms, but cannot burn;
He gladly offers in Return;
His want of Passion will redeem,
With Gratitude, Respect, Esteem;

With that Devotion we beſtow,
When Goddeſſes appear below.

WHILE thus *Cadenus* entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted Strains,
The Nymph in ſober Words intreats
A Truce with all ſublime Conceits.
For why ſuch Raptures, Flights, and Fancies,
To her who durſt not read Romances;
In lofty Style to make Replies,
Which he had taught her to deſpiſe?
But when her Tutor will affect
Devotion, Duty, and Reſpect,
He fairly abdicates his Throne,
The Government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd,
She vows to take him at his Word,
And hopes he will not take it ſtrange
If both ſhou'd now their Stations change.
The Nymph will have her Turn, to be
The Tutor; and the Pupil, he:
Tho' ſhe already can diſcern,
Her Scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants Capacity to reach
The Science ſhe deſigns to teach;
Wherein his Genius was below
The Skill of ev'ry common Beau;
Who, tho' he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
Enough to read a Lady's Eyes?

And

And will each accidental Glance
Interpret for a kind Advance.

But what Succeſs *Vaneſſa* met,
Is to the World a Secret yet;
Whether the Nymph, to pleaſe her Swain,
Talks in a high romantick Strain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends
To like with leſs Seraphick Ends;
Or to compound the Buſ'neſs, whether
They temper Love and Books together;
Muſt never to Mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious Muſe unfold.

Mean Time, the mournful *Queen of Love*
Led but a weary Life above.
She ventures now to leave the Skies,
Grown by *Vaneſſa*'s Conduct wiſe.
For tho' by one perverſe Event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt Intent,
Tho' her deſign was not obtain'd,
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd;
And, by the Project vainly try'd,
Could better now the *Cauſe* decide.
She gave due Notice, that both Parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
Shou'd at their Peril without fail
Come and appear, and ſave their Bail.
All met, and Silence thrice proclaim'd,
One Lawyer to each Side was nam'd.

The Judge diſcover'd in her Face
Reſentments for her late Diſgrace;
And, full of Anger, Shame, and Grief,
Directed them to mind their Brief;
Nor ſpend their Time to ſhew their Reading;
She'd have a ſummary Proceeding.
She gather'd under ev'ry Head,
The Sum of what each Lawyer ſaid;
Gave her own Reaſons laſt; and then
Decreed the Cauſe againſt the *Men*.

But, in a weighty Caſe like this,
To ſhew ſhe did not judge amiſs,
Which evil Tongues might elſe report,
She made a Speech in open Court;
Wherein ſhe grievouſly complains,
" How ſhe was cheated by the Swains."
On whoſe Petition (humbly ſhewing
That Women were not worth the wooing,
And that unleſs the Sex would mend,
The Race of Lovers ſoon muſt end;)
" She was at Lord knows what Expence,
" To form a Nymph of Wit and Senſe;
" A Model for her Sex deſign'd,
" Who never could one Lover find.
" She ſaw her Favour was miſplac'd;
" The Fellows had a wretched Taſte;
" She needs muſt tell them to their Face,
" They were a ſenſeleſs, ſtupid Race;

" And were ſhe to begin agen,
" She'd ſtudy to reform the *Men*;
" Or add ſome Grains of Folly more
" To *Women* than they had before,
" To put them on an equal Foot;
" And this, or nothing elſe, wou'd do't.
" This might their mutual Fancy ſtrike.
" Since ev'ry Being loves its *Like*.
" But now, repenting what was done,
" She left all Buſ'neſs to her Son;
" So puts the World in his Poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at Diſcretion."
The Cry'r was order'd to diſmiſs
The Court, ſo made his laſt *O yes!*
The Goddeſs wou'd no longer wait;
But riſing from her Chair of State,
Left all below at Six and Sev'n,
Harneſs'd her Doves, and flew to Heav'n.

BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON. *Imitated from the Eighth Book of* Ovid.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints wou'd often leave their Cells,
And ſtrole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hoſpitality.

IT happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write,
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their *Tour* in Maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a ſmall Village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the Strollers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let them in.

OUR wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate;
Having thro' all the Village paſs'd,
To a ſmall Cottage came at laſt;
Where dwelt a good honeſt old Yeoman,
Call'd, in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*.
Who kindly did theſe Saints invite
In his poor Hut to paſs the Night;
And then the hoſpitable Sire
Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire;
While he from out the Chimney took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook;
And freely from the fatteſt Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd;
Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found

'Twas

'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.
The good old Couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frightned to the Heart,
And juſt began to cry,—— What art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to View,
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle *Pilgrims* ſoon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant:
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *Saints*, the Hermits ſaid;
No Hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
But, for that Pack of churliſh Boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian Ground,
They and their Houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your Cottage riſe,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

THEY ſcarce had ſpoke; when fair and ſoft,
The Roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd ſlowly after.

THE Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

THE Kettle to the Top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a Joiſt;
But with the Upſide down, to ſhow
Its Inclination for Below:

In vain; for a ſuperior Force
Apply'd at Bottom, ſtops its Courſe,
Doom'd ever in ſuſpence to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A WOODEN Jack, which had almoſt
Loſt, by diſuſe, the Art to Roaſt,
A ſudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new Inteſtine Wheels;
And what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion ſlow'r.
The Flyer, tho' had leaden Feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce cou'd ſee't;
But ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret Pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone;
But up againſt the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its Love to Houſhold Cares,
By a ſhrill Voice at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-Maid, not to burn
That Roaſt-Meat which it cannot turn.

THE Groaning Chair began to crawl,
Like an huge Snail along the Wall;
There ſtuck aloft in publick View;
And with ſmall Change, a Pulpit grew.

THE Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a leſs noble Subſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern Buckets rang'd.

THE Ballads paſted on the Wall,
Of *Joan* of *France*, and *Engliſh Moll*,
Fair *Roſamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The *little Children in the Wood*;
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter:
And high in Order plac'd, deſcribe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A BEDSTEAD of the Antique Mode,
Compact of Timber, many a Load,
Such as our Anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into Pews:
Which ſtill their ancient Nature keep,
By lodging Folks diſpos'd to Sleep.

THE Cottage, by ſuch Feats as theſe,
Grown to a Church by juſt Degrees,
The Hermits then deſir'd their Hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon having paus'd a While,
Return'd them Thanks in homely Style;
Then ſaid, my Houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks I ſtill wou'd call it mine:
I'm old, and fain wou'd live at Eaſe,
Make me the *Parſon*, if you pleaſe.

He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels:
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding Sleeve;
His Waiſtcoat to a Caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable Hue;
But being old, continu'd juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of Duſt.
His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*;
He ſmoak'd his Pipe and read the News:
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
Vamp'd in the Preface and the Text;
At Chriſt'nings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart;
Wiſh'd Women might have Children faſt,
And thought whoſe Sow had farrow'd laſt:
Againſt *Diſſenters* would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *Right divine*.
Found his Head fill'd with many a Syſtem,
But Claſſick Authors, — he never miſs'd 'em.

THUS having furniſh'd up a Parſon,
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on.
Inſtead of Home-ſpun Coifs were ſeen
Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen:
Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
Became black Satin flounc'd with Lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
'Twas *Madam*, in her Grogram Gown.

Philemon was in great Surprize,
And hardly could believe his Eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
And ſhe admir'd as much at Him.

THUS, happy in their Change of Life,
Were ſev'ral Years this Man and Wife;
When on a Day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old Stories paſt,
They went by Chance amidſt their Talk,
To the Church Yard to take a Walk;
When *Baucis* haſtily cry'd out,
My Dear, I ſee your Forehead ſprout!
Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me Jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really, yours is budding too——
Nay,—— now I cannot ſtir my Foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking Root.

DESCRIPTION would but tire my Muſe:
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to *Yews*.

OLD Goodman *Dobſon* of the Green
Remembers he the Trees has ſeen:
He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,
And goes with Folks to ſhew the Sight:
On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Pray'r,
He gathers all the Pariſh there;
Points out the Place of either *Yew*;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.

Till once a Parſon of our Town,
To mend his Barn cut *Baucis* down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other Tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So, the next Parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

A DESCRIPTION *of a* CITY SHOWER. *In Imitation of* VIRGIL's Georg.

CAREFUL Obſervers may foretel the Hour
(By ſure Prognoſticks) when to dread a Show'r.
While Rain depends, the penſive Cat gives o'er
Her Frolicks, and purſues her Tail no more.
Returning Home at Night, you'll find the Sink
Strike your offended Senſe with double Stink.
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine,
You'll ſpend in Coach hire more than ſave in Wine.
A coming Show'r your ſhooting Corns preſage,
Old Aches throb, your hollow Tooth will rage,
Saunt'ring in Coffee-Houſe is *Dulman* ſeen;
He damns the Climate, and complains of *Spleen*.

MEAN while the South, riſing with dabbled Wings,
A ſable Cloud a-thwart the Welkin flings,

That

That ſwill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
And, like a Drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk *Suſan* whips her Linnen from the Rope,
Whilſt the firſt drizzling Show'r is borne aſlope,
Such is that Sprinkling which ſome careleſs Quean
Flirts on you from her Mop, but not ſo clean.
You fly, invoke the Gods; then turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe ſinging, ſtill whirls on her Mop.
Not yet the Duſt had ſhun'd th' unequal Striſe,
But, aided by the Wind, fought ſtill for Life,
And wafted with its Foe by violent Guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was Duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy Poet ſeek for Aid,
When Duſt and Rain at once his Coat invade?
His only Coat, where Duſt confus'd with Rain
Roughen the Nap, and leave a mingled Stain.
Now in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
Threat'ning with Deluge this devoted Town.
To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar ſpruce, while ev'ry Spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a Coach.
The tuck'd up Semſtreſs walks with haſty Strides,
While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's Sides.
Her various Kinds by various Fortunes led,
Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed.
Triumphant Tories, and deſponding Whigs,
Forget their Feuds, and join to ſave their Wigs.

Box'd

Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient ſits,
While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits;
And ever and anon, with frightful Din
The Leather ſounds; he trembles from within.
So when *Troy* Chair-men bore the wooden Steed,
Pregnant with *Greeks*, impatient to be freed;
(Thoſe Bully *Greeks*, who, as the Moderns do,
Inſtead of paying Chair-men, run them thro',)
Laocoon ſtruck the Outſide with his Spear,
And each impriſon'd Hero quak'd for Fear.

Now from all Parts the ſwelling Kennels flow,
And bear their Trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all Hues and Odours, ſeem to tell
What Street they ſail'd from, by their Sight and Smell.
They, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force,
From *Smithfield*, or *St. Pulchre's*, ſhape their Courſe,
And in huge Confluent join at *Snowhill* Ridge,
Fall from the *Conduit* prone to *Holbourn-Bridge*,
Sweepings from Butcher's Stalls, Dungs, Guts and Blood,
Drown'd Puppies, ſtinking Sprats, all drench'd in Mud,
Dead Cats, and Turnip Tops, come tumbling down the Flood.

A

A DESCRIPTION *of the* MORNING.

NOW hardly here and there an Hackney Coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.
Now *Betty* from her Maſter's Bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own.
The Slipſhod 'Prentice from his Maſter's Door
Had par'd the Dirt, and ſprinkled round the Floor.
Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dextrous Airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller Notes of Chimney-Sweep.
Duns at his Lordſhip's Gate began to meet;
And Brick-Duſt *Moll* had ſcream'd thro' half the Street.
The Turnkey now his Flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-nights to ſteal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their ſilent Stands,
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

HORACE,

HORACE, EPISTLE VII.

BOOK I. *imitated, and addreſſed to the Earl of* OXFORD, *in the Year* 1713.

HARLEY, the Nation's great Support,
Returning Home one Day from Court,
(His Mind with publick Cares poſſeſt,
All *Europe*'s Buſ'neſs in his Breaſt)
Obſerv'd a *Parſon* near *Whitehall*,
Cheap'ning old Authors on a Stall.
The Prieſt was pretty well in Caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome Humour in his Face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs Mien,
A perfect Stranger to the Spleen;
Of ſize that might a Pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord, (who if a Man may ſay't)
Loves Miſchief better than his Meat,

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1. *Strenuus & fortis, cauſſiſque Philippus agendis*
Clarus ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit ——

5. —— *Conſpexit, ut aiunt,*
Adraſum quendam vacuâ tonſoris in umbrâ
Cultello proprios purgantem lenitur ungues.

Was

Was now diſpos'd to crack a Jeſt,
And bid Friend *Lewis* go in queſt,
(This *Lewis* is a cunning Shaver,
And very much in HARLEY's Favour;
In queſt, who might this *Parſon* be,
What was his Name, of what Degree,
If poſſible to learn his Story,
And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*?
LEWIS his Patron's Humour knows,
Away upon his Errand goes,
And quickly did the Matter ſift,
Found out that it was Dr. *Swift*;
A Clergyman of ſpecial Note,
For ſhunning thoſe of his own Coat;
Which made his Brethren of the Gown
Take Care betimes to run him down.
No Libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no Sort of Vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought,
Not rich, but ow'd no Man a Groat:

---

15. *(Demetri puer hic non læve juſſa Philippi*
Accipiebat) abi, quære, & refer: Unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo ſit Patre, quove Patrono?
23,25. *It, redit, & narrat, Volteium nomine Mænam.*
31 —— *Tenui cenſu, ſine crimine notum,*
Et properare loco, & ceſſare, & quærere, & uti,
Gaudentem. ——

In

In State Opinions *a la Mode.*
He hated *Wh*——n like a Toad,
Had giv'n the Faction many a Wound,
And libell'd all the *Junto* round;
Kept Company with Men of Wit;
Who often father'd what he writ;
His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry Street,
But seldom rose above a Sheet:
Of late indeed the Paper *Stamp*
Did very much his Genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his Fire,
He now intended to retire.

SAID HARLEY, I desire to know
From his own Mouth, if this be so?
Step to the Doctor strait, and say,
I'd have him dine with me to Day.
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe My Lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, *Your Servant, Sir.*

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47. *Scitari libet ex ipso quodcunque refert. Dic Ad cænam veniat. Nam sane credere Mæna; Mirari secum tacitus.* ——
54. *Benigne, Respondet.*

Does

Does he refuse me? HARLEY cry'd:
He does, with Insolence and Pride.
Some few Days after HARLEY spies
The Doctor fasten'd by the Eyes
At *Charing-Cross*, among the Rout,
Where painted Monsters are hung out.
He pull'd the String, and stopt his Coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.
SWIFT, who edu'd neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the Chariot Side,
And offer'd many a lame Excuse;
He never meant the least Abuse.
My Lord —— The Honour you design'd me ——
Extremely proud —— but I had din'd ——
I'm sure I never should neglect ——
No Man alive has more Respect ——
" Well, I shall think of that no more,
" If you'll be sure to come at *Four*.

55. *Negat ille mihi?*
56. —— *Negat improbus, & te*
Negligit, aut horret.
57. —— *Volteium mane Philippus,*
Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello,
Occupat, & salvere jubet prior.
65. —— *Ille Philippo*
Excusare laborem. ——
71. —— *Sic ignovisse putato*
Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Post nonam venies:

The Doctor now obeys the Summons,
Likes both his Company, and Commons;
Displays his Talent, sits till Ten,
Next Day invited comes again;
Soon grows Domestick, seldom fails,
Either at Morning, or at Meals;
Came early, and departed late:
In short, the Gudgeon took the Bait.
My Lord would carry on the Jest,
And down to *Windsor* takes his Guest.
Scarf much admires the Place and Air,
And longs to be a *Canon* there;
In Summer, round the Park to ride; ——
In Winter, never to reside. ——
A *Canon!* That's a Place too mean,
No, Doctor, you shall be a *Dean*:
Two Dozen *Canons* round your Stall,
And you the Tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the *Irish Seas*,
To live in Plenty, Pow'r, and Ease.

---

74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam est, dicenda, tacenda locutus*
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi sæpe
Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
Mane cliens, & jam certus conviva; ——

81. —— *Jubetur*
Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
Impositus mannis arvum cætumque Sabinum
Non cessat laudare.

87. *Videt, ridetque Philippus:*

Poor

Poor *Swift* departs; and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd Money in his Purſe;
Travels at leaſt a hundred Leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs Fatigues.

Suppose him, now, a *Dean* compleat,
Devoutly lolling in his Seat;
The Silver Virge, with decent Pride,
Stuck underneath his Cuſhion Side;
Suppoſe him gone thro' all Vexations,
Patents, Inſtalments, Abjurations,
Firſt-Fruits and Tenths, and Chapter-Treats,
Dues, Payments, Fees, Demands, and — Cheats.
(The wicked Laity's contriving,
To hinder Clergymen from thriving)
Now all the Doctor's Money's ſpent,
His Tenants wrong him in his Rent;
The Farmers, ſpitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his Tythes in Kind;
And * *Parviſol* diſcounts Arrears,
By Bills, for Taxes and Repairs.

Poor *Swift*, with all his Loſſes vext,
Not knowing where to turn him next,

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107. —— *Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ;*
Spem mentita ſeges, bos eſt enectus arando;

* The Dean's Agent, a *Frenchman*.

Above a Thouſand Pounds in Debt,
Takes Horſe, and, in a mighty Fret,
Rides Day and Night at ſuch a Rate,
He ſoon arrives at HARLEY's Gate;
But was ſo dirty, pale and thin,
Old *Read* ‡ would hardly let him in.

SAID HARLEY, welcome Rev'rend Dean;
What makes your Worſhip look ſo lean?
Why ſure you won't appear in Town,
In that old Wig, and ruſty Gown?
I doubt your Heart is ſet on Pelf
So much, that you neglect yourſelf.
What! I ſuppoſe now Stocks are high,
You've ſome good Purchaſe in your Eye;
Or is your Money out at Uſe?———
Truce, good my LORD, I beg a Truce.
(The Doctor in a Paſſion cry'd,)
Your Raillery is miſapply'd;
I have Experience dearly bought,
You know I am not worth a Groat;

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115. *Offenſus, Damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum*
Arripit iratuſque Philippi tendit ad ædes.

‡ The Lord Treaſurer's Porter.

121. *Quem ſimul aſpexit ſcabrum intonſumque Philippus:*
Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attenteſque videris
Eſſe mihi.

But

But you resolv'd to have your Jest,
And 'twas a Folly to contest;
Then since you have now done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first.

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

Part of it imitated.

I OFTEN wish'd, that I had clear
For Life, six hundred Pounds a Year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my Garden's End,
A Terras Walk, and half a Rood
Of Land set out to plant a Wood.

WELL, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my Store,

136. *Quod te per Genium dextramque Deosque Penates*
Obsecro, & obtester; vitæ me redde priori.

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,*
Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons.
Et paulum silvæ super his foret.
7. —— *Auctius atque*
Di melius fecere. ——

But ſhou'd be perfectly content,
Cou'd I but live on this Side *Trent*;
Nor croſs the *Channel* twice a Year,
To ſpend ſix Months with *Statesmen* here.

I MUST by all Means come to Town,
'Tis for the Service of the Crown.
"*Lewis*; the *Dean* will be of Uſe,
"Send for him up, take no Excuſe.
The Toil, the Danger of the Seas;
Great Miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt Five hundred Pound,
No Matter where the Money's found;
It is but ſo much more in Debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.

"Good Mr. *Dean* go change your Gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to Town.
I hurry me in Haſte away,
Not thinking it is Levee-Day;
And find his Honour in a Round,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green;
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?

17. *Sive aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem*
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt

Some

Some Wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
" I thought the *D--n* had been too proud,
" To juſtle here among a Croud."
Another in a ſurly Fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
" So eager to expreſs your Love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
" But rudely preſs before a Duke.
I own, I'm pleas'd with this Rebuke.
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the World ſhould know.

I GET a Whiſper, and withdraw
When twenty Fools I never ſaw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I wou'd ſtand their Friend.

THIS, humbly offers me his Caſe——
That, begs my Int'reſt for a Place——,
A hundred other Men's Affairs
Like Bees are humming in my Ears.

35. *Quid vis inſane, & quas res agis? improbus urget,*
Iratis precibus, tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Mecænatem memori ſi mente recurras,
Hoc juvat, & melli eſt, non mentiar.——
44. —— *Aliena negotia centum,*
Per caput, & circa ſaltant latus.

" To morrow my Appeal comes on,
" Without your Help the Cauſe is gone ——
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About ſome great Affair, at Two ——
" Put my Lord *Bolingbroke* in Mind,
" To get my Warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider 'tis my firſt Requeſt. ——
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt: ——
Then preſently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew ——
And Mr. *Dean*, one Word from you ——

'Tis (let me ſee) three Years and more,
(*October* next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me firſt attend,
And choſe for me an humble Friend;
Wou'd take me in his Coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, " What's a-Clock?" And, " How's the Wind?
" Whoſe Chariot's that we left behind?
Or gravely try to read the Lines
Writ underneath the Country *Signs*;

60. —— *Si vis; potes, addit & inſtat.*
63. *Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,*
Ex quo Mecænas me cœpit habere ſuorum
In numero; dumtaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedæ
Vellet iter faciens, & cui concredere nugas.

Or,

Or, Have you nothing new to Day
" From *Pope*, from *Parnel*, or from *Gay*?
Such Tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as *Staines*,
As once a Week we travel down
To *Windsor*, and again to Town,
Where all that paſſes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at *Charing Croſs*.

Yet ſome I know with Envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
" How think you of our Friend the *Dean*?
" I wonder what ſome People mean;
" My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
" Always together, *tête à tête*,
" What, they admire him for his Jokes ——
" See but the Fortune of ſome Folks!
There flies about a ſtrange Report
Of ſome Expreſs arriv'd at Court,
I'm ſtopp'd by all the Fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry Street.
" You, Mr. *Dean*, frequent the great;
" Informs us, will the *Emp'ror* treat?

---

81. —— *Subjectior in diem & horam,*
Invidiæ.

89. *Frigidus à Roſtris manat per compita rumor;*
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit.

" Or,

" Or, do the Prints and Papers lie?
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah Doctor, how you love to jeſt?
" 'Tis now no Secret —— I proteſt
'Tis one to me. —— " Then tell us, pray,
" When are the Troops to have their Pay?
And, tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my *Lord Mayor*,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt Mortal ever known.

THUS in a Sea of Folly toſs'd,
My choiceſt Hours of Life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient Book;
And there in ſweet Oblivion drown
Thoſe Cares that haunt the Court and Town.

---

101. *Juranten me ſcire nihil, mirantur, ut unum*
Scilicet egregii mortalem, altique ſilenti.

108. *O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit*
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno, & inertibus horis ——
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

**The* Happy Life *of a* Country Parson. *In Imitation of* Martial.

PARSON, theſe Things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's Bleſſing.
A *Wife* that makes Conſerves; a *Steed*
That carries double when there's Need:
October, Store, and beſt *Virginia*,
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary *Guinea*;
Gazettes ſent *gratis* down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
A large Concordance, (bound long ſince)
Sermons to *Charles* the Firſt, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A *Chryſoſtom* to ſmooth thy Band in:
The *Polyglott* — *three Parts*, — my *Text*,
Howbeit, — *likewiſe* — *now to my next*,
Lo here the *Septuagint*, — and *Paul*,
To *ſum the whole*, — the *Cloſe of all*.
He that has theſe, may paſs his Life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his Wife;
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his Fill;
And faſt on *Fridays* if he will;

Toaſt

Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his Head at Doctor S——t.

**A* TALE *of* CHAUCER, *lately found in an Old Manuſcript.*

WOMEN, tho' nat ſans Leacherie,
Ne ſwinken but with Secrecie:
This in our Tale is plain y-ſond,
Of Clerk that wonneth in *Irelond*:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the Way,
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway:
Ducke in his Trowzes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one,)
" Ho! quoth another Couzen *John*;
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,——
This ſely Clerk full low doth lout.
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Gvz. and here is *Miſs*.
But, as he glozeth with Speeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore ticklets his Erſe-Roote:

Fore-

Fore-piece and Buttons all to breſt,
Forth thruſt a white Neck and red Creſt.
Te-be cry'd Ladies, Clerke not ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd: and gray Ducke crieth *Quake*.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the Daughter)
" Be thilke ſame Thing the Maids longen a'ter?
" Bette is to pyne on Coals and Chalke,
" Than truſt on Mon, whoſe Yerde can *talke*.

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* *The* ALLEY. *An Imitation of* Spencer.

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where *Thamis* rolls his Tide,
A narrow Paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat ſoft gliding to and fro.
There oft' are heard the Notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the Wall;
And as they crouchen low, for Bread and Butter call.

II. And

II.

And on the broken Pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking Sprat and Herring lie;
A Brandy and Tobacco Shop is near,
And Hens, and Dogs, and Hogs, are feeding by;
And here a Sailor's Jacket hangs to dry;
At ev'ry Door are Sun-burnt Matrons ſeen,
Mending old Nets to catch the ſcaly Fry;
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding oft between,
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd Scolds; bad Neighbood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh Cur, (the Paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my Heel with yelping Treble flies;
The whimp'ring Girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming Boy,
Join to the yelping Treble, ſhrilling Cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder Notes doth riſe,
And her full Pipes thoſe ſhrilling Cries confound;
To her full Pipes the grunting Hog replies;
The grunting Hogs alarm the Neighbours round,
And Curs, Girls, Boys, and Scolds, in the deep Baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a Roof of Thatch
Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early Days

Baſkets

Baſkets of Fiſh at *Billingsgate* did watch
Cod, Whiting, Oyſter, Mackrel, Sprat, or Plaice:
There learn'd ſhe Speech from Tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Magpy, chatters,
With *Envy* (ſpitting Cat) dread Foe to Peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, *Malice* before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry Wight, tears Cloaths and all to Tatters.

V.

Her Dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's Hand,
Her Mouth was black as Bull-Dogs at the Stall;
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd not Lace nor Band,
And Bitch and Rogue her Anſwer was at all;
Nay, e'en the Parts of Shame by Name wou'd call;
Whene'er ſhe paſſed by a Lane or Nook,
Wou'd greet the Man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his Hand obſcene the Porter took,
Nor ever did aſſkance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such Place hath *Deptford*, Navy-building Town,
Woolwich and *Wapping*, ſmelling ſtrong of Pitch;
Such *Lambeth*, Envy of each Band and Gown,
And *Twick'nam* ſuch, which fairer Scenes enrich,
Grots, Statues, Urns, and *Jo—n's Dog* and *Bitch*,
Ne Village is without, on either Side,
All up the ſilver *Thames*, or all a-down;

Ne

Ne *Richmond*'s ſelf, from whoſe tall Front are ey'd
Vales, Spires, meandring Streams, and *Windſor*'s
tow'ry Pride.

---

* *The* CAPON's TALE *to a Lady who father'd her Lampoons upon her Acquaintance.*

IN *Yorkſhire* dwelt a ſober Yeoman,
Whoſe Wife, a clean, Pains-taking Woman,
Fed num'rous Poultry in her Pens,
And ſaw her Cocks well ſerve her Hens.
A HEN ſhe had, whoſe tuneful Clocks
Drew after her a Train of Cocks;
With Eyes ſo piercing, yet ſo pleaſant,
You wou'd have ſworn this Hen a Pheaſant.
All the plum'd *Beau-Monde* round her gathers;
Lord! what a Bruſtling up of Feathers!
Morning from Noon there was no knowing,
There was ſuch Flutt'ring, Chuckling, Crowing;
Each forward Bird muſt thruſt his Head in,
And not a Cock but wou'd be treading.
YET tender was this Hen ſo fair,
And hatch'd more Chicks than ſhe could rear.
OUR prudent Dame bethought her then
Of ſome Dry-Nurſe to ſave her Hen;

She

She made a Capon drunk; in fine
He eat the Sopps, ſhe ſipp'd the Wine;
His Rump well pluck'd with Nettles ſtings,
And claps the Brood beneath his Wings.
THE feather'd Dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to ſee what God had ſent.
Thinks he's the Hen, clocks, keeps a Pother,
A fooliſh Foſter-Father-Mother.
SUCH, Lady *Mary*, are your Tricks;
But ſince you hatch, pray own your Chicks;
You ſhould be better ſkill'd in Nocks,
Nor like your Capons, ſerve your Cocks.

VERSES *wrote on a Lady's Ivory* Table-Book.

PERUSE my Leaves thro' ev'ry Part,
And think thou ſeeſt my Owner's Heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with Trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry Coxcomb's Eyes,
But hid with Caution from the Wiſe.
Here you may read (*Dear charming Saint*)
Beneath (*A new Receipt for Paint:*)
Here in Beau-ſpelling (*tru tel Deth,*)
There in her own (*ſar an el breth.*)

Here *(lovely Nymph pronounce my Doom,)*
There *(a ſafe Way to uſe Perfume;)*
Here a page fill'd with Billet-Doux;
On t'other Side *(laid out for Shoes:)*
(Madam I die without your Grace,)
(Item, *for half a Yard of Lace.*)
Who that had Wit wou'd place it here,
For ev'ry peeping Fop to jeer?
In Pow'r of Spittle, and a Clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the Diſgrace,
Clap his own Nonſenſe in the Place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his Part
In ſuch a Book, and ſuch a Heart,
If he be wealthy, and a Fool,
Is in all Points the fitteſt Tool:
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He's a Golden Pencil tipp'd with Lead.

To their EXCELLENCIES *the* LORDS JUSTICES *of* Ireland.

The humble Petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a Maid, if it miſcarries;

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myſelf in Lady *Betty*'s Chamber becauſe I was cold,
And I had in a Purſe Seven Pound, Four Shillings, and Six Pence, beſides Farthings, in Money and Gold;
So becauſe I had been buying Things for my *Lady* laſt Night,
I was reſolv'd to tell my Money, to ſee if it was right;
Now you muſt know, becauſe my Trunk has a very bad Lock,
Therefore all the Money I have, which, God knows is a very ſmall Stock,
I keep in my Pocket, ty'd about my Middle, next my Smock.
So when I went to put up my Purſe, as God would have it, my Smock was unript,
And inſtead of putting it into my Pocket, down it ſlipt:

Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put my *Lady* to Bed,
And, God knows, I thought my Money was as ſafe as my Maidenhead.
So when I came up again, I found my Pocket feel very light,
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my Purſe, *Lord!* I thought I ſhou'd have ſunk outright;
Lord! Madam, ſays *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with my Purſe?
Lord help me, ſaid *Mary*, I never ſtir'd out of this Place:
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady *Betty*'s Chamber, that's a plain Caſe;
So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm;
However, ſhe ſtole away my Garters, that I might do myſelf no Harm;
So I tumbled and toſs'd all Night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever ſat my Eyes together, or ſlept a Wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the Folks round,
And in a Corner of Mrs. *Duke*'s Box, ty'd in a Rag, the Money was found.

So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a Swearing;
Then my Dame *Wadgar* came, and ſhe, you know, is thick of Hearing;
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, Do you know what a Loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my Lord * *Colway*'s Folks are all very ſad;
For my Lord † *Dromedary* comes a *Tueſday* without fail;
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the Bus'neſs that I ail,
Says *Cary*, ſays he, I have been a Servant this five and twenty Years, come Spring.
And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of ſuch a Thing.
Yes, ſays the *Steward*, I remember when I was at my Lady *Shrewsbury*'s,
Such a Thing as this happen'd, juſt about the Time of *Gooſberries*.
So I went to the Party ſuſpected, and I found her full of Grief,
(Now you muſt know, of all Things in the World, I hate a Thief)
However, I was reſolv'd to bring the Diſcourſe ſlily about;
Mrs. *Dukes*, ſaid I, here's an ugly Accident has happen'd out:

* *Galloway.* † *Drogheda.*

'Tis not that I value the Money three skips of a Louse;
But the Thing I stand upon is, the Credit of the House;
'Tis true, Seven Pounds, Four Shillings, and Six Pence, makes a great Hole in my Wages;
Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in these Ages.
Now, Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body understands,
That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet Money can't go without Hands.
The *Devil* take me, said she (blessing herself,) if ever I saw't!
So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her all to naught;
So you know, what could I say to her any more;
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the Cunning Man;
No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain* will be here anon.
So the *Chaplain* came in; Now the Servants say he is my Sweetheart,
Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always take his Part;

So,

So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,

Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a *Nativity*, when a Body's plunder'd?

(Now you muſt know, he hates to be call'd *Parſon* like the *Devil*)

Truly, ſays he, Mrs. *Nab*, it might become you to be more civil;

If your Money be gone, as a learned *Divine* ſays, d'ye ſee,

You are no *Text* for my Handling, ſo take that from me;

I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you to know;

Lord, ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;

You know, I honour the Cloth, I deſign to be a *Parſon*'s Wife,

I never took one in your *Coat* for a *Conjurer* in all my Life.

With that, he twiſted his Girdle at me like a Rope, as who ſhould ſay,

Now you may go hang yourſelf for me, and ſo went away.

Well; I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd; *Lord*, ſaid I, what ſhall I do?

I have loſt my *Money*, and ſhall loſe my *True Love* too.

Then my *Lord* call'd me; *Harry*, ſaid my *Lord*, don't cry,
I'll give ſomething towards thy Loſs; and ſays my *Lady*, ſo will I.
Oh! but ſaid *I*, what if, after all, my Chaplain won't *come to?*
For that, he ſaid (an't pleaſe your *Excellencies*,) I muſt petition You.
The Premiſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your *Excellencies* Protection,
And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday*'s Collection:
And over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* Letter,
With an Order for the *Chaplain* aforeſaid; or inſtead of him, a better;
And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,
Or the *Chaplain*, (for 'tis his *Trade*) as in Duty bound,
ſhall ever *pray*.

Lady

Lady B—— B—— *finding in the Author's Room ſome Verſes unfiniſhed, underwrit a* Stanza *of her own, with Raillery upon him, which gave Occaſion to this* Ballad.

To the Tune of, *The Cutpurſe.*

I.

ONCE on a Time, as old Stories rehearſe,
A Friar would needs ſhew his Talent in *Latin*;
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a Verſe,
Becauſe he could find no Word to come pat in;
Then at the Place
He left a void Space,
And ſo went to Bed in a deſperate Caſe,
When behold the next Morning, a wonderful Riddle,
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the Middle.

Chorus. *Let cenſuring Criticks, then, think what they liſt on't,*
Who would not write Verſes with ſuch an Aſſiſtant?

II. The

II.

THIS put me the Friar into an Amazement,
For he wisely consider'd it must be a Sprite,
That came thro' the Key-Hole, or in at the Cazement,
And it needs must be one that could both Read and Write:
Yet he did not know
If it were Friend or Foe,
Or whether it came from above or below,
Howe'er it was civil, in Angel or Elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.

Cho. *Let censuring*, &c.

III.

EVEN so Master Doctor had puzzled his Brains
In making a Ballad, but was at a Stand:
He had mix'd little Wit with a great deal of Pains,
When he found a new Help from invisible Hand.
Then good Dr. S——
Pay Thanks for the Gift,
FOR you freely must own you were at a dead Lift:
And tho' some malicious young Spirit did do't,
You may know by the Hand it had no Cloven Foot.

Cho. *Let censuring*, &c.

V——'s

V——'s HOUSE. *Built from the Ruins of* Whitehall *that was burnt.*

IN Times of *Old*, when Time was *Young*,
And Poets their own Verſes ſung,
A Verſe could draw a Stone or Beam,
That now would over-load a Team;
Lead 'em a Dance of many a Mile,
Then rear 'em to a goodly Pile.
Each Number had its diff'rent Pow'r;
Heroick Strains could will a Tow'r;
Sonnets, or Elegies to *Chloris*,
Might raiſe a Houſe about two Stories;
A Lyrick Ode wou'd ſlate; a Catch
Wou'd tile, an Epigram wou'd thatch.
BUT to their own, or Landlord's Coſt,
Now Poets feel this Art is loſt;
Not one of all our tuneful Throng
Can raiſe a Lodging *for a Song*.
For *Jove* conſider'd well the Caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a num'rous Race,
And ſhou'd they *Build* as faſt as *Write*,
'Twould ruin Undertakers quite.
This Evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their Element:

On

On Earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole Patron of the Building Trade,
Leaving the Wits the ſpecious Air
With Licence to *build Caſtles* There:
And 'tis conceiv'd their old Pretence
To lodge in Garrets, comes from thence.
PREMISING thus in modern Way,
The better Half we have to ſay;
Sing, Muſe, the Houſe of Poet *V*——
In higher Strains than we began.
V—— (for 'tis fit the Reader know it,)
Is both a Herald and a Poet;
No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both Capacities to build.
As Herald, he can in a Day,
Repair a *Houſe* gone to Decay;
Or by *Atchievement, Arms, Device,*
Erect a new one in a Trice,
And as a Poet he has Skill
To build in Speculation ſtill.
Great *Jove!* he cry'd, the Art reſtore,
To build by Verſe as heretofore;
And make my Muſe the Architect;
What Palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken *Thames*
Lament his old *Whitehall* in Flames;
A Pile ſhall from its Aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade, or prop the Skies.

JOVE

JOVE ſmil'd, and, like a gentle God,
Conſenting with the uſual Nod,
Told *V*—— he knew his Talent beſt,
And left the Choice to his own Breaſt.
So *V*—— reſolv'd to write a Farce;
But well perceiving Wit was ſcarce,
With Cunning that Defect ſupplies;
Takes a *French* Play as lawful Prize;
Steals thence his Plot, and ev'ry Joke,
Not once ſuſpecting *Jove* wou'd *Smoke*;
And (like a Wag) ſat down to write,
Wou'd whiſper to himſelf, a *Bite.*
Then from the motly, mingled Style
Proceeded to erect his Pile.
So Men of old, to gain Renown, did
Build *Babel* with their Tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the Cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the Matter to a Jeſt;
Down from *Olympus'* Top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he'd burſt his Sides;
Ay, thought the God, are theſe your Tricks?
Why then *old Plays* deſerve *old Bricks*;
And ſince you're ſparing of your Stuff,
Your Building ſhall be ſmall enough.
He ſpake, and grudging lent his Aid;
Th' experienc'd Bricks that knew their Trade,
(As being Bricks at ſecond Hand,)
Now move, and now in Order ſtand.

The Building, as the Poet writ,
Rose in Proportion to his Wit;
And first a Prologue built a Wall,
So wide as to encompass all.
The Scene a Wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby Trees before.
The Plot as yet lay deep, and so
A Cellar next was dug below;
But this a Work so hard was found,
Two Acts it cost him under Ground,
Two other Acts we may presume
Were spent in building each a Room;
Thus far advanc'd, he made a Shift
To raise a Roof with Act the Fifth.
The Epilogue behind, did frame
A Place not decent here to name.

Now Poets from all Quarters ran
To see the House of Brother *V*——
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
But no such House was to be found;
One asks the Watermen hard by,
Where may the Poet's Palace lie?
Another of the *Thames* enquires,
If he has seen its gilded Spires?
At length they in the Rubbish spy
A Thing resembling a Goose-Pye,
Farther in Haste the Poets throng,
And gaze in silent Wonder long,

Till

Till one in Raptures thus began
To praiſe the Pile and Builder *V*——
THRICE happy Poet who may trail
Thy Houſe about thee like a Snail;
Or harneſs'd to a Nag, at Eaſe
Take Journies in it like a Chaiſe;
Or in a Boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a Tilt.
Capacious Houſe! 'tis own'd by all,
Thou'rt well-contriv'd, tho' thou art ſmall;
For ev'ry Wit in *Britain*'s Iſle
May lodge within thy ſpacious Pile,
Like *Bacchus* thou, as Poet's feign,
Thy Mother burnt, are born again;
Born like a *Phœnix* from the Flame,
But neither *Bulk* nor *Shape* the ſame;
As Animals of largeſt Size
Corrupt to Maggots, Worms, and Flies;
A Type of *Modern* Wit and Style,
The Rubbiſh of an ancient Pile;
So *Chymiſts* boaſt they have a Pow'r,
From the dead Aſhes of a Flow'r
Some faint Reſemblance to produce,
But not the Virtue, Taſte, or Juice.
So modern Rhymers wiſely blaſt
The Poetry of Ages paſt;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its Ruins build their own.

The

The History of V——'s *House.*

WHEN Mother *Clud* had rose from Play,
And call'd to take the Cards away,
V—— saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *Miss* pick'd ev'ry painted Card;
And busy both with Hand and Eye,
Soon rear'd a House two Stories high:
V——'s *Genius*, without Thought or Lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *Architecture*:
He view'd the Edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a Child:
It was so perfect in its Kind,
He kept the *Model* in his Mind.

BUT when he found the Boys at Play,
And saw them dabling in their Clay,
He stood behind a Stall to lurk,
And mark the Progress of their Work;
With true Delight observ'd 'em all
Raking up *Mud* to build a Wall;
The Plan he much admir'd, and took
The *Model* in his Table-Book;
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a *House* to build;
A *real House*, and *Rooms*, and *Stairs*,
Five Times at least as big as theirs;

Taller

Taller than *Miſs*'s by two Yards,
Not a ſham Thing of Clay or Cards;
And ſo he did; for in a While
He built up ſuch a monſtrous Pile,
That no two Chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the Ground:
Still at *Whitehall* it ſtands in View,
Juſt in the Place where firſt it grew;
There all the little School-boys run,
Envying to ſee themſelves out-done.

From ſuch deep Rudiments are theſe,
V—— is become by due Degrees,
For Building fam'd, and juſtly reckon'd
At Court, *Vitruvius* the *Second*.
Now Wonder, ſince wiſe *Authors* ſhow
That *beſt Foundations* muſt be *low*;
And now the *Duke* has wiſely ta'en him
To be his *Architect* at *Blenheim*;
But Raillery for once a-part,
If this Rule holds in ev'ry Art;
Or if his *Grace* were no more ſkill'd in
The Art of Battering Walls than Building;
We might expect to ſee next Year
A *Mouſe-Trap* Man chief Engineer.

The Virtues of SID HAMET, *the Magician's Rod.*

THE *Rod* was but a harmleſs Wand,
While *Moſes* held it in his Hand;
But ſoon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring Serpent grown.
OUR great Magician, *Hamet Sid*,
Reverſes what the Prophet did;
His *Rod* was honeſt *Engliſh* Wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a Corner ſtood,
Till metamorphos'd by his Graſp,
It grew an all-devouring Aſp;
Wou'd hiſs, and ſting, and roll, and twiſt,
By the mere Virtue of his Fiſt;
But when he *laid it down*, as quick
Reſum'd the Figure of a Stick.
So to her Midnight Feaſts the Hag
Rides on a Broomſtick for a Nag,
That rais'd by Magick of her Breech,
O'er Sea and Land conveys the Witch;
But, with the Morning Dawn, reſumes
The peaceful State of common Brooms.
THEY tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd,
About a certain Magick *Rod*,

That,

That, bending down its Top, divines
Whene'er the Soil has Golden Mines;
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt Reſpect,
As ready was the *Wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *Golden Mines* were hid;
In *Scottiſh* Hills found precious Ore,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a *gentle Bow* divin'd
How well a *Cully's* Purſe was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken *Rake*,
Stood without Motion, like a Stake.

THE *Rod* of *Hermes* was renown'd
For Charms above and under Ground;
To ſleep could mortal Eye-lids fix,
And drive departed Souls to *Styx*.
That *Rod* was juſt a Type of *Sid's*,
Which o'er a *Britiſh* Senate's Lids
Could ſcatter *Opium* full as well,
And drive as many *Souls* to *Hell*.

SID's Rod was ſlender, white and tall,
Which oft he us'd to *fiſh* withal;
A *Plaiſe* was faſten'd to the Hook,
And many Score of *Gudgeons* took;
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his Fate,
He caught his *Fiſh*, and ſav'd his *Bait*.

SID's Brethren of the Conj'ring Tribe
A Circle with their *Rod* deſcribe:

Which proves a magical Redoubt
To keep *miſchievous Spirits* out;
Sid's Rod was of a larger Stride,
And made a Circle thrice as wide;
Where *Spirits* throng'd with hideous Din,
And he ſtood there to *take them in.*
But when th' enchanted *Rod* was *broke*,
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking Smoke.
ACHILLES' Scepter was of Wood,
Like *Sid*'s, but nothing near ſo good;
That down from Anceſtors divine,
Tranſmitted to the Heroes Line.
Thence thro' a long Deſcent of Kings,
Came an HEIR-LOOM, as *Homer* ſings;
Tho' this Deſcription looks ſo big,
That *Sceptre* was a ſapleſs Twig;
Which, from the fatal Day, when firſt
It left the Foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
As *Homer* tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor Leaf, nor Fruit, nor Bloſſom bore.
Sid's Sceptre, full of Juice, did ſhoot
In Golden Boughs, and Golden Fruit;
And he, the *Dragon*, never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair *Heſperian* Pippin.
No *Hobby-horſe*, with gorgeous Top,
The deareſt in *Charles Mather*'s Shop,
Or glitt'ring Tinſel of *May-Fair*,
Could with this Rod of *Sid* compare.

DEAR *Sid*, then why wer't thou ſo mad,
To break thy *Rod* like naughty Lad?
You ſhou'd have kiſs'd it in your Diſtreſs,
And then return'd it to *your Miſtreſs*:
Or made it a *Newmarket* Switch,
And not a *Rod* for thy own Breech.
For ſince old *Sid* has broken this,
His next will be a *Rod in Piſs*.

ATLAS, *or the Miniſter of State*; *to the Lord Treaſurer* Oxford.

ATLAS, we read in ancient Song,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the Skies upon his Back,
Juſt as a Pedlar does his Pack;
But, as a Pedlar overpreſt,
Unloads upon a Stall to reſt;
Or, when he can no longer ſtand,
Deſires a Friend to lend a Hand;
So *Atlas*, leſt the pond'rous Spheres
Shou'd ſink, and fall about his Ears,
Got *Hercules* to bear the Pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a While.

YET *Hercules* was not ſo ſtrong,
Nor could have born it half ſo long.

GREAT Statesmen are in this Condition,
And *Atlas* is a Politician,
A *premier* Minister of State,
Alcides one of second Rate.
Suppose then *Atlas* ne'er so wise,
Yet when the Weight of Kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single Shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find *Upholders*.

The Description of a SALAMANDER. *Out of* Pliny's Nat. Hist. *Lib.* 10. *c.* 67. *and Lib.* 29. *c.* 4.

AS Mastive Dogs in modern Phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar*;
As *Pyes* and *Daws* are often stil'd
With Christian Nick-names like a Child;
As we say *Monsieur* to an *Ape*,
Without Offence to human Shape;
So Men have got from Bird and Brute
Names that would best their Natures suit.
The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
Were Heroes Titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as Hi'roglyphick fit
T'express their Valour, Strength, or Wit.

For

For what is underſtood by *Fame*,
Beſides the getting of a *Name*?
But e'er ſince Men invented Guns,
A diff'rent Way their Fancy runs;
To paint a Hero, we enquire
For ſomething that will conquer *Fire*.
Would you deſcribe *Turrenne* or *Trump*,
Think of a Bucket or a Pump.
Are theſe too low? — then find out Grandeur,
Call my Lord C——— a *Salamander*.
'Tis well; ——— but ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil Tongue,
Who may object againſt the Term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm;
Pliny ſhall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by Standers-by.

FIRST, then, our Author has deſin'd
This Reptile of the Serpent Kind,
With gaudy Coat, and ſhining Train,
But loathſome Spots his Body ſtain;
Out from ſome Hole obſcure he flies,
When Rains deſcend, and Tempeſts riſe,
Till the Sun clears the Air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his Den.

So when the War has rais'd a Storm,
I've ſeen a *Snake* in human Form,
All ſtain'd with Infamy and Vice,
Leap from the Dunghill in a Trice,

Burniſh, and make a gaudy Show,
Become a Gen'ral, Peer, and Beau;
'Till Peace hath made the Sky ſerene,
Then ſhrink into its Hole again.

All this we grant —— why then look yonder,
Sure that muſt be a Salamander!

FARTHER, we are by *Pliny* told,
This *Serpent* is extremely cold,
So cold, that, put it in the Fire,
'Twill make the very Flames expire;
Beſide, it ſpews a filthy Froth,
(Whether thro' Rage, or Love, or both,)
Of Matter purulent and white,
Which happen'd on the Skin to light,
And there corrupting to a Wound,
Spreads Leproſy and Baldneſs round.

So have I ſeen a batter'd Beau,
By Age and Claps grown cold as Snow,
Whoſe Breath or Touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out Love's Torch, or chill'd the Flame,
And ſhou'd ſome Nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like *Carleton* cheap, or fam'd *Du-Ruel*,
Receive the Filth which he ejects;
She ſoon wou'd find the ſame Effects,
Her tainted Carcaſs to purſue,
As from the *Salamander*'s Spue;

A dismal Shedding of her Locks,
And, if no Leprosy, a Pox.

Then I'll appeal to each By-Stander,
Is not this same a Salamander?

---

* *The* ELEPHANT: *Or, The Parliament-Man; written many Years since. Taken from* Coke's *Institutes.*

E'RE Bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The Precepts of Lord *Coke* peruse.
Observe an *Elephant*, says he,
And let like him your Member be;
First take a Man that's free from *Gall*;
For Elephants have none at all;
In *Flocks* or *Parties* he must keep;
For Elephants live just like Sheep;
Stubborn in Honour he must be;
For Elephant's *ne'er bend the Knee*:
Last let his *Memory* be sound,
In which your Elephants profound;
That *old Examples* from the Wise,
May prompt him in his No's and I's.
THUS the Lord *Coke* hath gravely writ,
In all the Form of Lawyers Wit;

And

And then with *Latin*, and all that,
Shews the Compariſon is pat.
YET in ſome Points my Lord is wrong;
One's *Teeth* are ſold, and t'other's *Tongue*:
Now Men of Parliament, God knows,
Are more like *Elephants of Shows*;
Whoſe docile Memory and Senſe
Are turn'd to Trick, to gather Pence.
To get their Maſter half a Crown,
They ſpread their Flag, or lay it down:
Thoſe who bore Bulwarks on their Backs,
And guarded Nations from Attacks,
Now practiſe ev'ry pliant Geſture
Op'ning their Trunk for ev'ry Peſter.
Siam, for Elephants ſo fam'd,
Is not with *England* to be nam'd;
Their Elephants by Men are ſold;
Ours ſell themſelves, and take the Gold.

An ELEGY *on the ſuppoſed Death of* PARTRIDGE, *the Almanack-Maker.*

WELL, 'tis as *Bickerſtaff* has gueſs'd,
Tho' we all took it for a Jeſt;

Partridge

Partridge is dead, nay more, he dy'd
E're he cou'd prove the good *'Squire* ly'd.
Strange, an Aſtrologer ſhou'd die,
Without one Wonder in the Sky!
Not one of all his *Crony* Stars
To pay their Duty at his Herſe?
No Meteor, no Eclipſe appear'd?
No Comet with a flaming Beard?
The Sun has roſe, and gone to Bed,
Juſt as if *Partridge* were not dead:
Nor hid himſelf behind the Moon,
To make a dreadful Night at Noon.
He at fit Periods walks thro' *Aries*,
Howe'er our earthly Motion varies;
And twice a Year he'll cut th' *Equator*,
As if there had been no ſuch Matter.
SOME Wits have wonder'd what Analogy
There is 'twixt * *Cobbling* and *Aſtrology*:
How *Partridge* made his *Opticks* riſe,
From a *Shoe-Sole*, to reach the Skies.
A LIST the Coblers Temples Ties,
To keep the Hair out of their Eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the *Diadem*
That Princes wear, derives from them.
And therefore *Crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *Golden Stars* and *Rays*,

* Partridge *was a Cobler.*

Which

Which plainly ſhews the near Alliance
'Twixt *Cobling* and the *Planets Science*.
BESIDES, that ſlow-pac'd Sign *Bootes*,
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis?
But *Partridge* ended all Diſputes,
He knew his Trade, and call'd it * *Boots*.
THE *Horned Moon*, which heretofore
Upon their Shoes the *Romans* wore,
Whoſe Wideneſs kept their Toes from Corns,
And whence we claim our *Shooing-Horns*;
Shews how the Art of *Cobling* bears
A near Reſemblance to the *Spheres*.
A SCRAP of *Parchment* hung by *Geometry*
(A great Refinement in *Barometry*)
Can, like the Stars, foretel the Weather;
And what is *Parchment* elſe but *Leather*?
Which an Aſtrologer might uſe,
Either for *Almanacks* or *Shoes*.
THUS *Partridge*, by his Wit and Parts,
At once did practiſe both theſe Arts;
And as the boading Owl (or rather
The Bat, becauſe her Wings are *Leather*)
Steals from her private Cell by Night,
And flies about the Candle-Light;
So learned *Partridge* could as well
Creep in the Dark from *Leathern* Cell,

* *See his Almanack.*

And,

And, in his Fancy, fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling Star.
BESIDES, he could confound the *Spheres*,
And ſet the *Planets* by the Ears;
To ſhew his Skill, he *Mars* could join
To *Venus* in *Aſpect Malin*;
Then call in *Mercury* for Aid,
And cure the Wounds that *Venus* made.
GREAT Scholars have in *Lucian* read,
When *Philip* King of *Greece* was dead,
His *Soul* and *Spirit* did divide,
And each Part took a diff'rent Side;
One roſe a Star, the other fell
Beneath, and mended Shoes in Hell.
THUS *Partridge* ſtill ſhines in each Art,
The *Cobling* and *Star-gazing* Part,
And is inſtall'd as good a Star
As any of the *Cæſars* are.
TRIUMPHANT Star! ſome Pity ſhew
On *Coblers militant* below,
Whom roguiſh Boys in ſtormy Nights
Torment, by piſſing out their Lights;
Or thro' a Chink convey their Smoke;
Inclos'd *Artificers* to choke.
THOU, high exalted in thy Sphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy Calling there.
To thee the *Bull* will lend his *Hide*,
By *Phœbus* newly tann'd and dry'd.

For

For thee they *Argo*'s Hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy Sides for *Wax*.
Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
Her braided Hair to make thee *Ends*,
The Point of *Sagittarius*' Dart
Turns to an *Awl*, by heav'nly Art;
And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his Wife,
Will forge for thee a *Paring-Knife*.
For want of Room, by *Virgo*'s Side,
She'll ſtrain a Point, and ſit * aſtride,
To take thee kindly in *between*,
And then the *Signs* will be *Thirteen*.

The EPITAPH.

HERE, five Foot deep, lies on his Back,
A Cobler, Starmonger, *and* Quack;
Who to the Stars *in pure Good-will,*
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep all you Cuſtomers that uſe
His Pills, *his* Almanacks, *or* Shoes;
And you that did your Fortunes ſeek,
Step to his grave but once a Week:
This Earth which bears his Body's Print,
You'll find has ſo much Vertue in't,

---

* Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, &c.

That

That I durſt pawn my Ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In Phyſick, Stolen Goods, *or* Love,
As he himſelf could, when above.

---

* VERSES *to be prefix'd before* BERNARD LINTOT's *New Miſcellany.*

SOME *Colinæus* praiſe, ſome *Bleau*,
Others account them but ſo ſo;
Some *Plantin* to the reſt preſer,
And ſome eſteem *Old Elzevir*;
Others with *Aldus* wou'd beſot us;
I, for my Part, admire *Lintottus*, ——
His Character's beyond Compare,
Like his own Perſon, large and fair.
They print their Names in Letters ſmall,
But *LINTOT* ſtands in Capital:
Author and he, with equal Grace,
Appear and ſtare you in the Face:
Stephens prints *Heathen Greek*, 'tis ſaid,
Which ſome can't conſtrue, ſome can't read:
But all that comes from *Lintot's* Hand,
Ev'n *Ra——ſon* might underſtand.
Oft in an *Aldus*, or a *Plantin*,
A Page is blotted, or Leaf wanting;

O!

Of *Lintot*'s Books this can't be ſaid,
All fair, and not ſo much as read.
Their Copy coſt 'em not a Penny
To *Homer*, *Virgil*, or to any;
They ne'er gave *Six-pence* for *two Lines*,
To them, their Heirs, or their Aſſigns;
But *Lintot* is at vaſt Expence,
And pays prodigious dear for —— Senſe.
Their Books are uſeful but to few,
A Scholar, or a Wit or two;
Lintot's for gen'ral Uſe are fit;
For ſome Folks read, but all Folks ſh——

**To Mr.* JOHN MOORE, *Author of the celebrated* Worm-Powder.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile, Reptile, weak, and vain!
A While he crawls upon the Earth,
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

That

That Woman is a Worm, we finde
E're ſince our Grandame's Evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly turn'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a Day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their Riſe,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms ſuit all Conditions;
Miſers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah *Moore!* thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain wou'd riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Aldwurch-Lane*,
Who sets our Entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn
Some few short Years, no more!
Ev'n *Button*'s Wife to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

VERSES occasioned by an &c. at the End of Mr. D'URFY's Name in the Title to one of his Plays.

JOVE call'd before him, t'other Day,
The *Vowels*, *U*, *O*, *I*, *E*, *A*.
All *Diptbongs*, and all *Consonants*,
Either of *England*, or of *France*;
And all that were, or wish'd to be,
Rank'd in the Name of *Tom D'Urfa*.

FIERCE is this Cause, the *Letters* spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *Mutes* turn'd vocal.
Those four proud Syllables alone
Were silent, which by Fates Decree
Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,
To the sweet Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

---

* *This Accident happen'd by Mr. D'Urfy's having made a Flourish there, which the Printer mistook for an &c.*

N, by whom Nouns subsist, declar'd,
To have no Place in this was hard;
And *Q* maintain'd 'twas but his Due
Still to keep Company with *U*;
So hop'd to stand no less than he
In the great Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
E shew'd, a *Comma* ne'er could claim
A Place in any *British* Name;
Yet making here a perfect Botch,
Thrusts your poor Vowel from his Notch;
Hiatus ne valde deflendus!
From which good *Jupiter* defend us!
Sooner I'd quit my Part in thee,
Than be no Part in *Tom D'Urfy*.
P protested, puff'd, and swore,
He'd not be serv'd so like a Beast;
He was a Piece of Emperor,
And made up half a Pope at least.
C, vow'd, he'd frankly have relinquish'd
His double Share in *Cæsar Caius*,
For only one in *Tom D'Urfeius*.
I, Consonant and Vowel too,
To *Jupiter* did humbly sue,
That of his Grace he won'd proclaim
Durfeius his true *Latin* Name;
For tho' without them both, 'twas clear,
Himself could ne'er be *Jupiter*;

Yet they'd reſign that Poſt ſo high,
To be the Genitive *Durfei.*

B and *L* ſwore bl——— and W———s,
X and *Z* cry'd, P——x and Z———,
G ſwore by G—d, it ne'er ſhould be,
And *W* wou'd not loſe, not he,
An *Engliſh Letter's* Property,
In the great Name of *Tom Durfy.*

In ſhort, the reſt were all in Fray,
From *Chriſteroſt* to *Et cætera.*
They, tho' but Standers-by too, mutter'd;
Dipthongs, and Tripthongs, ſwore and ſtutter'd;
That none had ſo much Right to be
Part of the Name of ſtuttering *T*———
T—*Tom*—*a*—*as*——*De*—*Dur*—*fy*—*fy.*

Then *Jove* thus ſpake; With Care and Pain
We form'd this Name, renown'd in Rhyme;
Not thine, * Immortal *Neufgermain!*
Coſt ſtudious *Cabaliſts* more Time.

Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to *Egypt* you'll repair,
And turn ſtrange Hieroglyphicks there;
Rather than Letters longer be,
Unleſs i'th' Name of *Tom Durfy.*

---

* *A Poet, who uſed to make Verſes ending with the laſt Syllables of the Names of thoſe Perſons he praiſed: Which* Voiture *turn'd againſt him in a Poem of the ſame Kind.*

Were

WERE you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
To foreign Letters could I say?
What if the *Hebrew* next shou'd aim
To turn quite backward *D'Urfy*'s Name?
Shou'd the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Styx*, I
Cou'd ne'er bring in *Psi* and *Xi*;
Omicron and *Omega* from us
Would each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*;
And all th' ambitious Vowels vie,
No less than *Pythagorick Y*,
To have a Place in *Tom D'Urfy*.

THEN well-below'd and trusty Letters!
Cons'nants and Vowels, much their betters,
WE, willing to repair this Breach,
And all that in us lies, please each;
Et cæt'ra to our Aid must call,
Et cæt'ra represents ye all;
Et cæt'ra therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great Name of *Tom Durfy*.

---

*PROLOGUE, design'd for Mr. Durfy's last Play.

GROWN old in Rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted Bard:

Damnation follows Death in other Men,
But your damn'd Poet lives, and writes again.
Th' advent'rous Lover is ſucceſsful ſtill,
Who ſtrives to pleaſe the Fair *againſt* her *Will*:
Be kind, and make him in his Wiſhes eaſy,
Who in your own *Deſpite* has ſtrove to pleaſe ye.
He ſcorn'd to borrow from the Wits of yore;
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You Modern Wits, ſhou'd each Man bring his Claim,
Have deſperate Debentures on your Fame;
And little wou'd be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your Debts to *Greece* and *Rome* were paid;
From his deep Fund our Author largely draws,
Nor ſinks his Credit lower than it was.
Tho' Plays for Honour in old Time he made,
'Tis now for better Reaſons —— to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the World too long,
And ſeen the Death of much immortal Song.
He ſays, poor Poets loſt, while Players won,
As Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.
Tho' *Tom* the Poet writ with Eaſe and Pleaſure,
The Comick *Tom* abounds in other Treaſure.
Fame is at beſt an unperforming Cheat;
But 'tis ſubſtantial Happineſs to *eat*.
Let Eaſe, his laſt Requeſt, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his Living.

PROLOGUE

* PROLOGUE *to the* Three Hours after Marriage.

AUTHORS are judg'd by ſtrange capricious Rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the ſmall ones Fools:
Yet ſure the beſt are moſt ſeverely fated,
For Fools are only laugh'd at, Wits are hated.
Blockheads with Reaſon Men of Senſe abhor;
But Fool 'gainſt Fool, is barb'rous Civil War.
Why on all Authors then ſhou'd Criticks fall?
Since ſome have writ, and ſhewn no Wit at all.
Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the *French* who "made it.
By running Goods, theſe graceleſs Owlers gain;
Theirs are the *Rules* of *France*, the *Plots* of *Spain*:
But Wit like Wine, from happier Climates brought,
Daſh'd by theſe Rogues, turns *Engliſh* common Draught.
They pall *Moliere*'s and *Lopez*' ſprightly Strain,
And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.
How ſhall our Author hope a gentler Fate,
Who dares moſt impudently not tranſlate.
It had been civil in theſe tickliſh times,
To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign Climes,

Spaniards and *French* abuſe to the World's End,
But ſpare old *England*, leaſt you hurt a Friend.
If any Fool is by our Satire bit,
Let him hiſs loud, to ſhew you all, he's hit.
Poets make Characters, as *Saleſmen* Clothes,
We take no Meaſure of your Fops and Beaus,
But here all Sizes and all Shapes you meet,
And fit your ſelves, like Chaps in *Monmouth-Street*.
GALLANTS! look here, this * *Fools-Cap* has an Air,
Goodly and ſmart, with Ears of *Iſſachar*.
Let no one Fool engroſs it, or confine,
A common Bleſſing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But Poets in all Ages had the Care
To keep this Cap, for ſuch as will, to wear.
Our Author has it now, (for every Wit
Of Courſe reſign'd it to the next that writ;)
And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly † thrown;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* *Shews a Cap with Ears.*
† *Flings down the Cap, and Exit.*

SANDYS's

*SANDYS's GHOST: *Or a proper new* Ballad *on the new* Ovid's Metamorphosis: *As it was intended to be tranſlated by Perſons of Quality.*

YE Lords and Commons, Men of Wit,
And Pleaſure about Town;
Read this e're you tranſlate one Bit
Of Books of high Renown.

Beware of *Latin* Authors all!
Nor think your Verſes Sterling,
Tho' with a Golden Pen you ſcrawl,
And ſcribble in a *Berlin*:

For not the Deſk with ſilver Nails,
Nor *Bureau* of Expence,
Nor Standiſh well japan'd, avails
To writing of good Senſe.

Hear how a Ghoſt in dead of Night,
With ſaucer Eyes of Fire,
In woful wiſe did ſore affright
A Wit and courtly 'Squire.

Rare

Rare Imp of *Phœbus*, hopeful Youth!
Like Puppy tame that uſes
To fetch and carry, in his Mouth,
The Works of all the Muſes.

Ah! why did he write Poetry,
That hereto was ſo civil;
And ſell his Soul for Vanity,
To Rhyming and the Devil?

A Deſk he had of curious Work,
With glitt'ring Studs about;
Within the ſame did *Sandys* lurk,
Tho' *Ovid* lay without.

Now as he ſcratch'd to fetch up Thought,
Forth popp'd the *Sprite* ſo thin;
And from the Key-hole bolted out,
All upright as a Pin.

With Whiſkers, Band, and Pantaloon,
And Ruff compos'd moſt duly;
This 'Squire he dropp'd his Pen full ſoon,
While as the Light burnt bluely.

Ho! Maſter *Sam*, quoth *Sandy*'s Sprite,
Write on, nor let me ſcare ye;
Forſooth, if Rhymes fall in not right,
To *Budgel* ſeek, or *Carey*.

I hear the Beat of *Jacob's* Drums,
Poor *Ovid* finds no Quarter!
See firſt the merry *P*——— comes
In Haſte, without his Garter.

Then Lords and Lordings, 'Squires and Knights,
Wits, Witlings, Prigs, and Peers;
Garth at St. *James's*, and at *White's*,
Beats up for Volunteers.

What *Fenton* will not do, nor *Gay*,
Nor *Congreve*, *Rowe*, nor *Stanyan*,
Tom B——*t* or *Tom D'Urfy* may,
John Dunton, *Steele*, or any one.

If Juſtice *Philip's* coſtive Head
Some frigid Rhymes diſburſes;
They ſhall like *Perſian* Tales be read,
And glad both Babes and Nurſes.

Let *W*—*rw*—*k's* Muſe with *Aſ*——*t* join,
And *Ozel's* with Lord *Hervey's*:
Tickell and *Addiſon* combine,
And *P*—*pe* tranſlate with *Jervis*.

L——— himſelf, that lively Lord,
Who bows to ev'ry Lady,
ſhall

Shall join with *F*—— in one Accord,
And be like *Tate* and *Brady*.

Ye *Ladies* too draw forth your Pen,
I pray where can the Hurt lie?
Since you have Brains as well as Men,
As witneſs Lady *W*——*l*——*y*.

Now, *Tonſon*, liſt thy Forces all,
Review them, and tell Noſes;
For to poor *Ovid* ſhall befal
A ſtrange *Metamorphoſis*.

A *Metamorphoſis* more ſtrange
Than all his Books can vapour;
"To what, (quoth 'Squire) ſhall *Ovid* change?"
Quoth *Sandys*: *To waſte Paper*.

---

*UMBRA.

CLOSE to the beſt known Author, *Umbra* fits,
The conſtant Index to all *Button*'s Wits.
Who's here? cries *Umbra*: Only *Johnſon*" — *Oh? Your Slave*, and *exit*; but returns with *Rowe*, ——
Dear Rowe, *lets ſit and talk of Tragedies*:
Not long, *Pope enters*, and to *Pope* he flies,

Then

Then up comes *Steele*; he turns upon his *Heel*,
And in a Moment faſtens upon *Steele*.
But cries as ſoon, *Dear* Dick, *I muſt be gone*,
For, if I know his Tread, here's Addiſon.
Says *Addiſon* to *Steele*, 'Tis Time to go,
Pope to the Cloſet ſteps aſide with *Rowe*.
Poor *Umbra*, left in this abandon'd Pickle,
E'en ſits him down, and writes to honeſt T——.
FOOL! 'tis in vain from Wit to Wit to roam;
Know Senſe, like Charity, *begins at Home*.

DUKE *upon* DUKE. *An excellent new* Ballad.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

TO Lordings proud I tune my Lay,
Who feaſt in Bower or Hall:
Though Dukes they be, to Dukes I ſay,
That Pride will have a Fall.

Now, that this ſame it is right ſooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel *John* Duke of *Guiſe*,
And *Nic.* of *Lancaſtere*.

When

When *Richard Cœur-de-Lyon* reign'd,
(Which means a Lion's Heart)
Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd,
Each play'd a Lion's Part.

A Word and Blow was then enough,
(Such Honour did them prick)
If you but turn'd your Cheek, a Cuff,
And if your A——se, a Kick.

Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Nose,
At ev'ry turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your Toes;
They fought from Head to Foot.

Of these, the Duke of *Lancastere*
Stood Paramount in Pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His Foes, and Friends beside.

Firm on his Front his Beaver sate,
So broad, it hid his Chin;
For why? he deem'd no Man his Mate,
And fear'd to tan his Skin.

With *Spanish* Wool he dy'd his Cheek,
With Essence oil'd his Hair;
No Vixen Civet-Cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by G—d:
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonair,
To *Guise*'s Duke was he;
Was never such a loving Pair,
How could they disagree?

Oh, thus it was. He lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him:
And having no Friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate Quill;
And thus he did indite:
"This Eve at Whisk ourself will play,
"Sir Duke! be here to Night."

Ah no, ah no, the guileless *Guise*
Demurely did reply,
I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So sore the Gout have I.

The Duke in Wrath call'd for his Steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattl'd then thy Stones,
Oh Kingly *Kensington!*

All

All in a Trice he rush'd on *Guise*,
Thrust out his Lady dear,
He tweak'd his Nose, trod on his Toes,
And smote him on the Ear.

But mark, how 'midst of Victory,
Fate plays her old Dog Trick!
Up leap'd Duke *John*, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell Duke *Nic*.

Alas, oh *Nic!* Oh *Nic*. alas!
Right did thy Gossip call thee:
As who should say, alas the Day,
When *John* of *Guise* shall maul thee.

For on thee did he clap his Chair,
And on that Chair did sit;
And look'd, as if he meant therein
To do — what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woeful Duke!
Thy Mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear, of finding there
A T——d instead of Trope.

" Lye there, thou Caitiff vile! quoth *Guise*,
" No *Sheet* is here to save thee;
" The Casement it is shut likewise;
" Beneath my Feet I have thee.

" If

" If thou hast ought to speak, speak out."
Then *Lancaster* did say,
" Know'st thou me, nor yet thy self?
" Who thou, and whom am I?

" Know'st thou not me, who (God be pray'd)
" Have brawl'd, and quarrel'd more,
" Than all the Line of *Lancaster*
" That battl'd heretofore?

" In Senates fam'd for many a Speech,
" And (what some awe must give ye,
" Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech)
" Still of the Council Privy.

" Still of the *Dutchy* Chancellor,
" *Durante Life* I have it;
" And turn, as now thou do'st on me,
" Mine A——e on them that gave it."

But now the Servants they rush'd in:
And Duke *Nic.* up leap'd he:
I will not cope against such odds
But, *Guise!* I'll fight with thee.

To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the Greenwood Tree.
" No, not to-morrow, but to night
" (Quoth *Guise*) I'll fight with thee."

And now the Sun declining low
Beſtreak'd with Blood the Skies;
When, with his Sword, at Saddle Bow,
Rode forth the valiant *Guiſe*:

Full gently prauncht he o'er the Lawns,
Oft' roll'd his Eyes around,
And from the Stirrup ſtretch'd, to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the Blade in Air,
Long look'd the Field all o'er;
At length he ſpy'd the Merry-men brown,
And eke the Coach and four.

From out the Boot bold *Nicholas*
Did wave his Wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy Glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful Hour, ſo calm
Was *Lancaſtere* to ſee,
As if he meant to take the Air,
Or only take a Fee.

And ſo he did—for to *New Court*
His rowling Wheels did run:
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful Strife,
But *Bus'neſs* muſt be done.

Back in the Dark, by *Brompton* Park,
He turn'd up through the *Gore*;
So ſlunk to *Camden* Houſe ſo high,
All in his Coach and four.

Mean while Duke *Guiſe* did fret and fume,
A Sight it was to ſee;
Benumm'd beneath the Evening Dew,
Under the Greenwood Tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
"The Day I meet him, *Nic.* ſhall rue
"The Cudgel of that Day.

"Mean Time on ev'ry Pilling-Poſt
"Paſte we this Recreant's Name,
"So that each Piſſer-by ſhall read,
"And piſs againſt the ſame.

Now God preſerve our gracious King!
And grant, his Nobles all
May learn this leſſon from Duke *Nic.*
That *Pride will have a Fall.*

* *Fragment of a* SATIRE.

IF meagre *Gildon* draws his venal Quill,
I wiſh the Man a Dinner, and ſit ſtill.
If dreadful *Dennis* raves in furious Fret,
I'll anſwer *Dennis* when I am in Debt.
'Tis Hunger, and not Malice, makes them print,
And who'll wage War with *Bedlam* or the *Mint?*
SHOULD ſome more ſober Criticks come abroad,
If wrong, I ſmile; if right, I kiſs the Rod.
Pains, Reading, Study, are their juſt Pretence,
And all they want is Spirit, Taſte, and Senſe.
Commas and *Points* they ſet exactly right;
And 'twere a Sin to rob them of their *Mite*.
Yet ne'er one Sprig of Laurel grac'd thoſe Ribbalds,
From ſlaſhing B——y down to pidling *Tibbalds*:
Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *ſcans* and *ſpells*,
A Word-catcher, that lives on Syllables.
Yet ev'n this Creature may ſome notice claim,
Wrapt round and ſanctify'd with *Shakeſpear*'s Name.
Pretty, in Amber to obſerve the Forms
Of Hairs, or Straws, or Dirt, or Grubs, or Worms:

The

The *Thing*, we know, is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the Devil it got there.

ARE others angry? I excuse them too,
Well may they rage; I give them but their Due.
Each Man's true Merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each Man's secret Standard in his Mind,
That casting Weight Pride adds to Emptiness;
This who can *gratify*? For who can *guess*?
The Wretch whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a *Persian* Tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his Barrenness appear,
And strains from hardbound Brains, six Lines a Year;
In Sense still wanting, tho' he lives on Theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
* *Johnson*, who now to Sense, now Nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a Meaning:
And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad,
† It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad:
Should modest Satire bid all these *translate*,
And own that nine such Poets make a *Tate*:
How wou'd they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
How wou'd they swear, not *Congreve*'s self was safe!

---

* *Author of the* Victim, *and Cobler of* Preston.
† *Verse of Dr.* Ev.

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose Fires
Apollo kindled, and fair Fame inspires,
Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with Ease;
Should such a Man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne;
View him with scornful, yet with fearful Eyes,
And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Wishing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd:
Who, if two Wits on rival Themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best;
Like *Cato* gives his *little Senate* Laws,
And sits attentive to his own Applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry Sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise.
What Pity, Heav'n! if such a Man there be,
Who would not weep, if *A*——*s* were he?

* *MACER.*

*MACER.

WHEN ſimple *Mater* now of high Renown,
Firſt ſought a Poet's Fortune in the Town:
'Twas all th' Ambition his great Soul could feel,
To wear red Stockings, and to dine with *St*——.
Some Ends of Verſe his Betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs Fellow a good Word.
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the Town,
And in a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Cr*——*n*.
There he ſtopt ſhort, nor ſince has writ a Tittle,
But has the Wit to make the moſt of little;
Like ſtunted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient Sap at once to bear and rot.
* Now he begs Verſes, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his Foes, but Fools his Friends.
So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to Town, and firſt turns Chamber-maid;
Awkward and ſupple, each Devoir to pay,
She flatters her good Lady twice a Day;
Thought wond'rous honeſt, tho' of mean Degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*.

* *He requeſted by publick Advertiſements, the Aid of the Ingenious, to make up a Miſcellany in* 1713.

In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own;
But just endur'd the Winter she began,
And in four Months a tatter'd Hardidan.
Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go Shares with Punk.

W———

SYLVIA, a Fragment.

SYLVIA, my Heart in wond'rous wise alarm'd,
Aw'd without Sense, and without Beauty charm'd,
But some odd Graces, and fine Flights, she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Her Tongue still ran on Credit from her Eyes,
More pert than witty, more a Wit than wise.
Good Nature, she declar'd it, was her Scorn,
Tho' 'twas by that alone she could be born.
Affronting all, yet fond of a good Name,
A Fool to Pleasure, yet a Slave to Fame:
Now coy, and studious in no Point to fall,
Now all agog for D———, at a Ball:
Now deep in *Taylor*, and the *Book of Martyrs*,
Now drinking Citron with his Gr—— and C——.

MEN,

MEN, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take,
But ev'ry Woman's in her Soul a Rake.
Frail, sev'rish Sex! their Fit now chills, now burns;
Atheism and Superstition rule by Turns;
And the mere Heathen in her carnal Part,
Is still a sad good Christian at her Heart.

---

*ARTIMESIA.

THO' *Artimesia* talks, by Fits,
Of Councils, Classicks, Fathers, Wits;
Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*:
Yet in some Things, methinks, she fails,
'Twere well if she wou'd pare her Nails,
And wear a cleaner Smock.

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* Bride,
Such Nastiness, and so much Pride,
Are odly join'd by Fate:
On her large Squab you find her spread,
Like a fat Corpse upon a Bed,
That lies and stinks in State.

She wears no Colours (Sign of Grace)
On any Part except her Face;
All white and black beside:

Dauntless

Dauntless her Look, her Gesture proud,
Her Voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her Stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating Thing, a Magpye Height,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless Animal,
That plies the Tongue, and wags the Tail,
All Flutter, Pride, and Talk.

---

* PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had Talents for Mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free Port of Trade:
Merchants unloaded here their Freight,
And Agents from each foreign State,
Here first their Entry made.

Her Learning and good Breeding such,
Whether th' *Italian* or the *Dutch*,
Spaniard or *French* came to her;
To all obliging she'd appear;
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S' il vous plaist, Monsieur.*

Obscure

Obſcure by Birth, renown'd by Crimes,
Still changing Names, Religions, Climes,
At length ſhe turns a Bride;
In Di'monds, Pearls, and rich Brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd Jades,
And flutters in her Pride.

So have I known thoſe Inſects fair,
(Which curious *Germans* hold ſo rare,)
Still vary Shapes and Dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new Forms;
Firſt Grubs obſcene, then wrigling Worms,
Then painted Butterflies.

On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandſire *Jove* intreat
To form ſome Beauty by a new Receipt,
Jove ſent and found far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Look ſerene;
From which Ingredients, firſt the dex'trous Boy
Pick'd the Demure, the Awkward, and the Coy;
The *Graces* from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride;

Theſe

These *Venus* cleans'd from ev'ry spurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy Composition, *Floyd*.

APOLLO *outwitted. To the Honourable Mrs.* FINCH, *under her Name of* ARDELIA.

PHOEBUS now short'ning ev'ry Shade,
Up to the Northern *Tropick* came,
And thence beheld a lovely Maid,
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach,
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays,
Before he durst the Nymph approach.

Under those Sacred Leaves, secure
From common Lightning of the Skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The Flashes of *Ardelia*'s Eyes.

The

The Nymph, who oft had read in Books,
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apollo* by his Looks,
And gues'd his Bus'ness e're he spoke.

He, in the old Celestial Cant,
Confes'd his Flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant;
But wise *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of stroling Gods, whose usual Trade is,
Under Pretence of taking Air,
To pick up Sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat Denial,
As having Malice in her Heart;
And was resolv'd upon a Trial,
To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Request, the Virgin said;
Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend whene'er I want their Aid,
Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Passion led,
The God could not refuse her Pray'r:
He wav'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the Air.

And

And now he thought to ſeize his Due,
But ſhe the Charms already try'd,
Thalia heard the Call, and flew,
To wait at bright *Ardelia*'s Side.

On Sight of this Celeſtial *Prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay,
Nor in her Preſence durſt be rude,
But made his Leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky Hour,
When on their Queen the Muſes wait;
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia*'s Pow'r,
For Vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of Rage, *Apollo* ſpoke,
Deceitful Nymph, I ſee thy Art:
And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its nobler Part.

Let ſtubborn Pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of Fame;
With ev'ry Muſe to grace thy Song,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a Poet's Name.

Of modeſt Poets be thou firſt,
To ſilent Shades repeat thy Verſe,
Till *Fame* and *Echo* almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one Line rehearſe.

And laſt, my Vengeance to compleat,
May you deſcend to take Renown,
Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,
A Whig, and one that wears a Gown.

---

* *Impromptu, To Lady* WINCHELSEA, *Occaſion'd by four Satyrical Verſes on* Women-Wits, *in the* Rape *of the* Lock.

IN vain you boaſt Poetic Names of yore,
And cite thoſe *Sapho*'s we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the Fall of ev'ry Female Wit,
But doom'd it then, when firſt *Ardelia* writ.
Of all Examples by the World confeſt,
I knew *Ardelia* could not quote the beſt;
Who, like her Miſtreſs on *Britannia*'s Throne,
Fights and ſubdues in Quarrels not her own.
To write their Praiſe you but in vain eſſay;
Ev'n while you write, you take that Praiſe away:
Light to the Stars the Sun does thus reſtore,
But ſhines himſelf till they are ſeen no more.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

A Bishop by his Neighbours hated
Has Cause to wish himself translated.
But why shou'd *Hough* desire Translation,
Lov'd and esteem'd by all the Nation?
Yet if it be the old Man's Case,
I'll lay my Life, I know the Place;
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither *Enoch* went before him.

STELLA's *Birth-Day.* 1718.

STELLA this Day is Thirty-four,
(We shan't dispute a Year or more:)
Howe'er, *Stella*, be not troubled,
Altho' thy Size and Years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at Sixteen,
The brightest Virgin on the Green.
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up so largely in thy Mind.

OH, wou'd it please the Gods, to *split*
Thy Beauty, Size, and Years, and Wit,
No Age could furnish out a Pair
Of Nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair:
With half the Lustre of your Eyes,
With half your Wit, your Years, and Size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How shou'd I beg of gentle Fate,
(That either Nymph might have her Swain,)
To split my Worship too in twain.

STELLA's *Birth-Day.* 1720.

ALL Travellers at first incline
Where-e'er they see the fairest Sign;
And if they find the Chambers neat,
And like the Liquor and the Meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The *Angel-Inn* to ev'ry Friend:
What tho' the Painting grows decay'd,
The House will never lose its Trade:
Nay, tho' the treach'rous Tapster *Thomas*
Hangs a new Angel two Doors from us,
As fine as Dawbers Hands can make it,
In Hopes that Strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a Shame and Sin,
To quit the true old *Angel-Inn.*

Now, this is *Stella*'s Caſe in Fact,
An *Angel*'s Face, a little crack'd;
(Could Poets, or could Painters fix
How *Angels* look at Thirty-ſix:)
This drew us in at firſt, to find
In ſuch a Form an *Angel*'s Mind;
And ev'ry Virtue now ſupplies
The fainting Rays of *Stella*'s Eyes.
See, at her Levee, crowding Swains,
Whom *Stella* freely entertains,
With Breeding, Humour, Wit, and Senſe,
And puts them but to ſmall Expence;
Their Mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable Bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives,
We really wonder how ſhe lives!
And had her Stock been leſs, no doubt,
She muſt have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the Place,
When *Doll* hangs out a newer Face;
Or ſtop and light at *Cloe*'s Head,
With Scraps and Leavings to be fed.

Then *Cloe*, ſtill go on to prate
Of Thirty-ſix, and Thirty-eight;
Purſue your Trade of Scandal-picking,
Your Hints, that *Stella* is no Chicken.
Your Innuendo's, when you tell us
That *Stella* loves to talk with Fellows;

And

And let me warn you to believe
A Truth, for which your Soul ſhould grieve;
That ſhould you live to ſee the Day
When *Stella*'s Locks muſt all be grey,
When Age muſt print a furrow'd Trace,
On ev'ry Feature of her Face;
Tho' you and all your ſenſeleſs Tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe.
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at Fifteen;
No Bloom of Youth can ever blind
The Cracks and Wrinkles of your Mind;
All Men of Senſe will paſs your Door,
And crowd to *Stella*'s at Fourſcore.

STELLA's *Birth-Day.* *A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that Day dug up.* 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual Verſe to pay,
By Duty bound, on *Stella*'s Day;
Furniſh'd with Paper, Pens, and Ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
I bit my Nails, and ſcratch'd my Head,
But found my Wit and Fancy fled;

Or, if with more than uſual Pain,
A Thought came ſlowly from my Brain,
It coſt me Lord knows how much Time
To ſhape it into Senſe and Rhyme;
And, what was yet a greater Curſe,
Long-Thinking made my Fancy worſe.

FORSAKEN by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at *Apollo*'s Shrine;
I told him what the World would ſay
If *Stella* were unſung to Day;
How I ſhou'd hide my Head for Shame,
When both the *Jacks* and *Robin* came;
How *Ford* would frown, how *Jim* would leer,
How *Sh——r* the Rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it does not always follow,
That *Semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.

I have aſſur'd them twenty Times,
That *Phœbus* help'd me in my Rhymes,
Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were Hand and Glove.
But finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They'll call it all poetic Licence.
And when I brag of Aid divine,
Think *Euſden*'s Right as good as mine.

NOR do I aſk for *Stella*'s Sake;
'Tis my own Credit lies at Stake.
And *Stella* will be ſung, while I
Can only be a Stander by.

APOLLO

APOLLO, having thought a little,
Return'd this Anſwer to a Tittle.
THO' you ſhould live like old *Methuſalem*,
I furniſh Hints, and you ſhould uſe all 'em,
You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You'd leave her Virtues half untold.
But to ſay Truth, ſuch Dulneſs reigns
Thro' the whole Set of *I—riſh* D—ns;
I'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a Medley,
D—n *W—*, D—n *D—l*, and D—n *S——*;
That let what D—n ſoever come,
My Orders are, I'm not Home;
And if your Voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the Crowd.
BUT, now, your Danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to * Mrs. *Brent*,
For ſhe, as Prieſteſs, knows the Rites
Wherein the God of *Earth* delights.
Firſt, nine Ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old Poker in her Hand;
Let her deſcribe a Circle round
In † *Saunder*'s Cellar on the Ground;
A Spade let prudent ‖ *Archy* hold,
And with Diſcretion dig the Mould;
Let *Stella* look with watchful Eye,
Rebecca, *Ford*, and *Grattons* by.

* *The Houſe-keeper.* † *The Butler.* ‖ *The Footman.*

BEHOLD the BOTTLE, where it lies
With Neck elated tow'rds the Skies!
The God of Winds, and God of Fire,
Did to its wond'rous Birth conſpire;
And *Bacchus* for the Poet's Uſe
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring Juice:
See! as you raiſe it from its Tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious Womb,
And in the ſpacious Womb contains
A ſov'reign Med'cine for the Brains.

You'LL find it ſoon, if Fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand Mrs. *Brents*,
Ten thouſand *Archy*'s arm'd with Spades,
May dig in vain to *Pluto*'s Shades.

FROM thence a plenteous Draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the Muſe;
(But firſt let *Robert* on his Knees
With Caution drain it from the Lees)
The Muſe will at your Call appear,
With *Stella*'s Praiſe to crown the Year.

STELLA's *Birth-Day*. 1724.

AS when a beauteous Nymph decays,
We ſay ſhe's paſt her Dancing Days;
So Poets loſe their Feet by Time,
And can no longer dance in Rhyme.

Your

Your annual Bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your Birth in Proſe;
Yet merry Folks who want by Chance
A Pair to make a Country Dance,
Call the old Houſe-keeper, and get her
To fill a Place, for want of better;
While *S*————*n* is off the Hooks,
And Friend *D*————*y* at his Books,
That *Stella* may avoid Diſgrace,
Once more the D—n ſupplies their Place.
BEAUTY and Wit, too ſad a Truth,
Have always been confin'd to Youth;
The God of Wit, and Beauty's Queen,
He Twenty-one, and ſhe Fifteen;
No Poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were like *Phœbus*, young;
Nor ever Nymph inſpir'd to Rhyme,
Unleſs like *Venus* in her Prime.
At Fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a Poet fit for you;
Or at the Age of Forty-three,
Are you a Subject fit for me?
Adieu bright Wit, and radiant Eyes;
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our Fate in vain we would oppoſe,
But I'll be ſtill your Friend in Proſe;
Eſteem and Friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require Poetick Dreſs;

And if the Muſe deny her Aid
To have them *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.

But, *Stella* ſay, what evil Tongue
Reports you are no longer young?
That *Time* ſits with his Scythe to mow
Where'erſt ſate *Cupid* with his Bow;
That half your Locks are turn'd to Grey;
I'll ne'er believe a Word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My Eyes are ſomewhat dimiſh grown;
For Nature, always in the Right,
To your Decays adapts my Sight,
And Wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I'm aſham'd to uſe a Glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe Eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.

No length of Time can make you quit
Honour and Virtue, Senſe and Wit,
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*:
Oh, ne'er may Fortune ſhew her Spight,
To make me deaf, and mend my *Sight*.

STELLA's *Birth-Day*, March 13, 1726.

THIS Day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with Joy by me;
This Day then, let us not be told
That you are ſick, and I grown old,
Nor think on our approaching Ills,
And talk of Spectacles and Pills;
To-morrow will be Time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying Stuff.
Yet, ſince ſome Reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing Thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all Decays,
Support a few remaining Days:
From not the graveſt of Divines,
Accept for once ſome ſerious Lines.

ALTHO' we now can form no more
Long Schemes of Life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while Time is running faſt,
Can look with Joy on what is paſt.

WERE future Happineſs and Pain
A mere Contrivance of the Brain,
As Atheiſts argue, to entice,
And fit their Proſelytes for Vice,

(The

(The only Comfort they propoſe,
To have Companions in their Woes.)
Grant this the Caſe, yet ſure 'tis hard
That Virtue, ſtill'd its own Reward,
And by all Sages underſtood
To be the chief of human Good,
Shou'd aſking, die, or leave behind
Some laſting Pleaſure in the Mind,
Which by Remembrance will aſſwage,
Grief, Sickneſs, Poverty, and Age;
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant Dart,
To ſhine thro' Life's declining Part.

Say, *Stella*, feel you no Content,
Reflecting on a Life well ſpent;
Your ſkilful Hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing Wretches from the Grave;
And then ſupporting with your Store,
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from Death before:
So Providence on Mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates,
You gen'rous Boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent Friend;
That Courage which can make you juſt,
To Merit humbled in the Duſt;
The Deteſtation you expreſs
For Vice in all its glitt'ring Dreſs:
That Patience under tort'ring Pain,
Where ſtubborn Stoicks wou'd complain.

Muſt

MUST these like empty Shadows pass,
Or Forms reflected from a Glass?
Or mere Chimæra's in the Mind,
That fly, and leave no Marks behind?
Does not the Body thrive and grow
By Food of twenty Years ago?
And, had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand Times have dy'd.
Then, who with Reason can maintain
That no Effects of Food remain?
And, is not Virtue in Mankind
The Nutriment that feeds the Mind?
Upheld by each good Action past,
And still continu'd by the last:
Then, who with Reason can pretend
That all Effects of Virtue end?
BELIEVE me, *Stella*, when you shew
That true Contempt for Things below,
Nor prize your Life for other Ends
Than merely to oblige your Friends;
Your former Actions claim their Part,
And join to fortify your Heart.
For Virtue in her daily Race,
Like *Janus*, bears a double Face;
Look back with Joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with Courage on.
She at your sickly Couch will wait,
And guide you to a better State.

O

O THEN, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take Pity on your pitying Friends;
Nor let your Ills affect your Mind,
To fancy they can be unkind,
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly wou'd your Suff'rings ſhare;
Or give my Scrap of Life to you,
And think it far beneath your Due;
You to whoſe Care ſo oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you ſo.

---

* *To Mrs.* M. B. *ſent on her* Birth-Day, June 15.

OH, be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend:
Not with thoſe Toys the Female Race admire,
Riches that *vex*, and Vanities that *tire*;
Not as the World its pretty Slaves rewards,
A Youth of Frolicks, an Old Age of Cards;
Fair to no Purpoſe, artful to no End;
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

LET

LET Joy, or Eaſe, let Affluence, or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a Life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry Thought, inſpirit ev'ry Grace,
Glow in thy Heart, and ſmile upon thy Face;
Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,
Without a *Pain*, a *Trouble*, or a *Fear*:
Till Death unfelt that tender Frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft Dream, or Extaſy of Joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come!

---

*SONG. *By a Perſon of Quality.*

I SAID to my Heart, between Sleeping and Waking,
Thou wild Thing, that always art leaping or aking,
What Black, Brown, or Fair, in what Clime, in what Nation,
By Turns has not taught thee a Pit—a—patation?

Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this ſober Reply;
See the Heart without Motion, tho' *Cælia* paſs by!
Not the Beauty ſhe has, or the Wit that ſhe borrows,
Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows.

When

When our *Sappho* appears, ſhe whoſe Wit ſo refin'd,
I am forc'd to applaud with the reſt of Mankind;
Whatever ſhe ſays, is with Spirit and Fire;
Ev'ry Word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her Claim,
Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man in her Aim;
'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes,
Thoſe Stars of this World are too good for the Skies.

But *Cloe* ſo lively, ſo eaſy, ſo fair,
Her Wit ſo genteel, without Art, without Care;
When ſhe comes in my Way, the Motion, the Pain,
The Leapings, the Akings, return all again.

O wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reaſon!
Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Seaſon;
When ſo eaſy to gueſs who this Angel ſhould be,
Would one think Mrs. *H——d* ne'er dreamt it was
She?

*BALLAD.

OF all the Girls that e'er was ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as *Nelly*.
For charming Face, and Shape, and Mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd Neck, and ſmooth white Skin,
Of lovely deareſt *Nelly!*
For many a Swain it well had been
Had ſhe ne'er paſt by *Calai*.

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
(Invited by her Couſins)
Acroſs the *Tuilleries* each Glance
Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole Dozens.
The King, as he at Dinner ſate,
Did beckon to his *Huſſar*,
And bid him bring his Tabby-Cat,
For charming *Nell* to huſs her.

The Ladies were with Rage provok'd,
To ſee her ſo reſpected:
The Men look'd arch, as *Nelly* ſtrok'd,
And Puſs her Tail erected.
But not a Man did Look employ,
Except on pretty *Nelly*,
Then ſaid the Duke *de Villeroy*,
Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!

But

But who's that grave Philoſopher,
That carefully looks a'ter?
By his Concern it ſhou'd appear,
The Fair one is his Daughter.
May foy! (quoth then a Courtier ſly,)
He on his Child does lear too:
I wiſh he has no Mind try
What ſome Papa's will here do.

The Courtiers all with one Accord,
Broke out in *Nelly*'s Praiſes,
Admir'd her *Roſe*, and *Lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *Termes Francoiſes*.)
Then might you ſee a painted Ring
Of Dames that ſtood by *Nelly*;
She like the Pride of all the Spring,
And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.

In *Marli*'s Gardens, and St. *Clou*,
I ſaw this charming *Nelly*,
Where ſhameleſs Nymphs, expos'd to View,
Stand naked in each *Alley*:
But *Venus* had a brazen Face,
Both at *Verſailles* and *Meudon*,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her Place,
And left the Stone ſhe ſtood on.

Where

Were *Nelly*'s Figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' *Italian:*
Lord! how thoſe Foreigners would ſtare:
But I ſhould turn *Pygmalion:*
For ſpite of Lips, and Eyes and Mien,
Me, nothing can delight ſo,
As does that Part that lies between
Her Left Toe, and her Right Toe.

---

*ODE, *for Muſick. On the* LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE *Longitude* miſt on
By wicked *Will. Whiſton*;
And not better hit on
By good Maſter *Ditton.*

RITORNELLO.

So *Ditton* and *Whiſton*
May both be bep-ſt on;
And *Whiſton* and *Ditton*
May both be beſh-t on.

Sing *Ditton*,
Beſh-ton;
And *Whiſton*,
Bep-ſt on.

Sing *Ditton* and *Whiſton*,
And *Whiſton* and *Ditton*,
Beſh-t and bep-ſt on,
Bep-ſt and beſh-t on.

DA CAPO.

---

*EPIGRAM *on the Feuds about* Handel *and* Bononcini.

STRANGE! all this Difference ſhould be,
'Twixt Tweedle-*Dum*, and Tweedle-*Dee!*

**On Mrs.* T——s.

SO bright is thy Beauty, ſo charming thy Song,
As had drawn both the Beaſts and their *Orpheus* along:

But

But ſuch is thy Av'rice, and ſuch is thy Pride,
That the Beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the Poet have dy'd.

---

*TWO OR THREE; *or a Receipt to make a* Cuckold.

TWO or three Viſits, and two or three Bows,
Two or three civil Things, two or three Vows,
Two or three Kiſſes, with two or three Sighs,
Two or three *Jeſus*'s and *Let-me-die*'s,
Two or three Squeezes, and two or three Towzes,
(With two or three thouſand Pound loſt at their Houſes)
Can never fail Cuckolding two or three Spouſes.

---

*On a LADY who P——st at the Tragedy of CATO; occaſioned by an Epigram on a LADY who wept at it.

WHILE maudlin *Whigs* deplor'd their *Cato*'s Fate,
Still with dry Eyes the *Tory Celia* ſate,
But while her Pride forbids her Tears to flow,
The guſhing Waters find a Vent below;
Tho' ſecret, yet with copious Grief ſhe mourns,
Like twenty River-Gods with all their Urns.
Let others ſcrew their Hypocritick Face,
She ſhews her Grief in a ſincerer Place,
There Nature reigns, and Paſſion void of Art,
For that Road leads directly to the Heart.

---

*EPIGRAM, *in a Maid of Honour's* Prayer-Book.

WHEN *Iſrael*'s Daughters mourn'd their paſt Offences,
They dealt in *Sackcloth*, and turn'd *Cynder-Wenches*;

But

But *Richmond*'s Fair-ones never ſpoil their Locks,
They uſe white Powder, and wear *Holland* Smocks.
O comely Church! where Females find *clean Linnen*
As decent to *repent* in, as to *ſin* in.

Epigram.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
He took to the Street, and fled for his Life;
Tom's three deareſt Friends came by in the Squabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober Advice ——
But, *Tom* is a Perſon of Honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take Council, too proud to take Warning,
That he ſent to all three a Challenge next Morning:
Three Duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his Life;
Went Home, and was cudgell'd again by his Wife.

---

* *The* Balance *of* Europe.

NOW *Europe*'s balanc'd, neither Side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the Scales.

* *A Panegyrical* EPISTLE *to Mr.* THOMAS SNOW, Goldſmith, *near* Temple-Bar; *Occaſion'd by his Buying and Selling the Third* South-Sea *Subſcriptions, taken in by the* Directors *at a* Thouſand per Cent.

DISDAIN not, SNOW, my humble Verſe to hear;
Stick thy black Pen a while behind thy Ear.
Whether thy Compter ſhine with Sums untold,
And thy wide-graſping Hand grows black with Gold;
Whether thy Mien erect, and ſable Locks,
In Crowds of Brokers over-awe the *Stocks*:
Suſpend the worldly Buſ'neſs of the Day,
And, to enrich thy Mind, attend my Lay:
O THOU, whoſe penetrative Wiſdom found
The *South-Sea* Rocks and Shelves where Thouſands drown'd.
When Credit ſunk, and Commerce gaſping lay,
Thou ſtood'ſt: No Bill was ſent unpaid away.
When not a Guinea chink'd on * *Martin*'s Boards,
And * *Atwill*'s ſelf was drain'd of all his Hoards,

** Names of eminent* Goldſmiths.

Thou

Thou ſtood'ſt: (an *Indian* King in Size and Hue)
Thy unexhauſted Shop was our *Peru*.
WHY did *'Change-Alley* waſte thy precious Hours,
Among the Fools who gap'd for Golden Show'rs?
No Wonder if we find ſome Poets there,
Who live on Fancy, and can feed on Air;
No Wonder, they were caught by *South-Sea* Schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a Guinea, but in Dreams;
No Wonder, *they* their Third Subſcriptions ſold,
For Millions of imaginary Gold;
No Wonder, that *their* Fancies wild can frame
Strange Reaſons, that a Thing is ſtill the ſame
Though chang'd throughout in Subſtance and in Name.
But *you*, (whoſe Judgment ſcorns Poetick Flights)
With Contracts furniſh Boys for Paper Kites.
LET Vulture *H——ns* ſtretch his rufty Throat,
Who ruins Thouſands for a ſingle Groat.
I know thou ſcorn'ſt his mean, his ſordid Mind;
Nor, with Ideal Debts, would'ſt plague Mankind.
Madmen alone their empty Dreams purſue,
And ſtill believe the fleeting Viſion true;
They ſell the Treaſures which their Slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the World in Debt,
If to inſtruct thee all my Reaſons fail,
Yet be diverted by this Moral Tale.

THRO' fam'd *Moor-Fields* extends a ſpacious Seat,
Where Mortals of exalted Wit retreat;
Where wrap'd in Contemplation, and in Straw,
The wiſer few from the mad World withdraw.
There in full Opulence a *Banker* dwelt,
Who all the Joys and Pangs of Riches felt;
His Side-board glitter'd with imagin'd Plate;
And his proud Fancy held a vaſt Eſtate.
As on a Time he paſt the vacant Hours
In raiſing Piles of Straw, and twiſted Bowers;
A *Poet* enter'd of the neighbouring Cell,
And with fix'd Eye obſerv'd the Structure well,
A ſharpen'd Skew'r croſs his bare Shoulders bound
A tatter'd Rug, which dragg'd upon the Ground.
THE Banker cry'd, "Behold my Caſtle Walls,
"My Statues, Gardens, Fountains, and Canals;
"With Land of twenty Acres round!
"All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand Pound.
THE Bard with Wonder the cheap purchaſe ſaw,
So ſign'd the Contract (as ordains the Law.)
THE Banker's Brain was cool'd, the Miſt grew clear;
The viſionary Scene was loſt in Air.
He now the vaniſh'd Proſpect underſtood,
And fear'd the fancy'd Bargain was not good:
Yet loth the Sum intire ſhould be deſtroy'd;
"Give me a Penny, and thy Contract's void.

THE

THE ſtartled Bard with Eye indignant frown'd.
" Shall I, ye Gods, (he cries) my Debts compound?
So ſaying, from his Rug the Skew'r he takes,
And on the Stick ten equal Notches makes:
With juſt Reſentment flings it on the Ground;
" There, take my Tally of ten thouſand Pound.

The SOUTH-SEA. 1721.

YE wiſe Philoſophers! explain
What Magick makes our Money riſe,
When dropt into the *Southern* Main;
Or do theſe Juglers cheat our Eyes?

Put in your Money fairly told;
Preſto be gone —— 'Tis here agen;
Ladies and Gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry Piece as big as ten.

Thus in a Baſon drop a Shilling,
Then fill the Veſſel to the Brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The pond'rous Metal ſeems to ſwim;

It riſes both in Bulk and Height,
Behold it ſwelling like a Sop!
The liquid Medium cheats your Sight,
Behold it mounted to the Top!

In Stock three hundred thouſand Pound;
I have in View a Lord's Eſtate:
My Manors all contiguous round;
A Coach and Six, and ſerv'd in Plate.

Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a deſperate Bett;
Then plunges in the *Southern* Waves,
Dipt over Head and Ears —— in Debt.

So, by a Calenture miſled,
The Mariner with Rapture ſees
On the ſmooth Ocean's azure Bed
Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees.

With eager Haſte he longs to rove
In that Fantaſtick Scene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome enchanted Grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he ſinks.

Two hundred Chariots, juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring Waves,

The

The Horſes drown'd, the Harneſs broke,
And here the Owners find their Graves.

Like *Pharaoh*, by *Directors* led,
They, with their *Spoils*, went ſafe before;
His Chariots, tumbling out the Dead,
Lay ſhatter'd on the *Red-Sea* Shore.

Rais'd up on *Hope*'s aſpiring Plumes,
The young Advent'rer o'er the Deep,
An Eagle's Flight and State aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle Way to keep.

On *Paper* Wings he takes his Flight,
With *Wax* the *Father* bound them faſt;
The *Wax* is melted by the Height,
And down the tow'ring Boy is caſt.

His *Wings* are his *Paternal Rent*,
He melts his *Wax* at ev'ry Flame;
His Credit ſunk, his Money ſpent,
In Southern Seas *he leaves his Name.*

Inform us, you that beſt can tell,
Why in your dang'rous Gulph profound,
Where Hundreds, and where Thouſands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *Wiſe* are drown'd?

So

So have I ſeen from *Severn*'s Brink
A Flock of *Geeſe* jump down together;
Swim where the Bird of *Jove* would ſink,
And ſwimming, never wet a Feather.

One Fool may from another win,
And then get off with Money ſtor'd;
But if a *Sharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the Board.

As Fiſhes on each other prey,
The Great Ones ſwallowing up the Small;
So fares it in the *Southern Sea*;
The Whale *Directors* eat up all.

When *Stock* is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond-hand their Offers;
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a Million in his Coffers.

So when upon a Moon-ſhine Night
An Aſs was drinking at a Stream;
A Cloud aroſe, and ſtopt the Light,
By intercepting ev'ry Beam.

The Day of Judgment will be ſoon,
(Cries out a Sage among the Crowd;)

An

An Aſs hath ſwallow'd up the Moon:
The Moon lay ſafe behind the Cloud.

Each poor *Subſcriber* to the Sea,
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a Trick to riſe.

So Fiſhes riſing from the Main,
Can ſoar with moiſten'd Wings on high;
The Moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their Fins again to fly.

Undone at Play, the Female Troops
Come here their Loſſes to retrieve;
Ride o'er the Waves in ſpacious Hopes,
Like *Lapland* Witches in a Sieve.

Thus *Venus* to the Sea deſcends,
As Poets feign; but where's the Moral?
It ſhews the Queen of Love intends
To ſearch the Deep for Pearl and Coral.

A Shilling in the *Bath* you fling,
The Silver takes a nobler Hue,
By Magick Vertue in the Spring,
And ſeems a Guinea to your View;

But

But as a Guinea will not paſs
At Market for a Farthing more,
Shewn thro' a multiplying Glaſs,
Than what it always did before;

So caſt it in the *Southern Seas*,
And view it thro' a *Jobber*'s Bill;
Put on what Spectacles you pleaſe,
Your Guinea's but a Guinea ſtill.

One Night a Fool into a Brook,
Thus from a Hillock looking down,
The *Golden* Stars for Guineas took,
And *Silver Cynthia* for a Crown.

The Point he could no longer doubt,
He ran, he leapt into a Flood:
There ſprawl'd a While, and ſcarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.

Upon the Water caſt thy Bread,
And after many Days thou'lt find it;
But Gold upon this Ocean ſpread,
Shall ſink, and leave no Mark behind it.

There is a Gulph where Thouſands fell,
Here all the bold Adventurers came,

A narrow Sound, tho' deep as Hell,
'*Change-Alley* is the dreadful Name.

Nine Times a Day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the Surface lies,
Without a Pilot, ſeldom knows
The Time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

* *Now bury'd in the Depth below,*
Now mounted up to Heav'n again,
They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
At their Wits End, like drunken Men.

Mean Time ſecure on † *Garr'way* Cliffs,
A Savage Race by Shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd Skiffs,
And ſtrip the Bodies of the Dead.

While ſome build Caſtles in the Air,
Directors build them in the Seas;
Subſcribers plainly ſee 'em there,
For Fools will ſee as wiſe Men pleaſe.

Thus oft by Mariners are ſhewn,
(Unleſs the Men of *Kent* are Liars,)
Earl *Godwin*'s Caſtle's overflown,
And Palace-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.

---

* Pſalm cvii. † *Coffee-Houſe in* Change-Alley.

Mark

Mark where the fly *Directors* creep,
Nor to the Shore approach too nigh!
The Monsters nestle in the Deep,
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the Dogs of *Nile*, be wise,
Who taught by Instinct how to shun
The Crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by Magick Charms,
Recover Strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his Arms,
And sent him *up in Air to Hell.*

Directors thrown into the Sea,
Recover Strength and Vigour there;
But may be tam'd another Way,
Suspended for a While in *Air.*

Oh! may some *Western* Tempest sweep
These *Locusts* whom our Fruits have fed,
That Plague *Directors*, to the Deep,
Driv'n from the *South-Sea* to the *Red.*

May he, whom Nature's Laws obey,
Who *lifts* the Poor, and *sinks* the Proud,

Quiet

Quiet the Raging of the Sea,
And *Still the Madness of the* Crowd.

But never shall our Isle have Rest,
Till these devouring *Swine* run down,
(*The Devils leaving the Possest*,)
And *headlong in the Waters* drown.

The Nation then too late will find,
Computing all their Cost and Trouble,
Directors Promises but Wind,
South-Sea at best a mighty *Bubble*.

Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto,
Arma virûm, tabulæque, & Troïa gaza per undas. Virg.

A BALLAD *on* QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as Corruption hence did go,
And left the Nation free;
When *Ay* said *Ay*, and *No* said *No*,
Without a Place or Fee;
Then *Satan*, thinking Things went ill,
Sent forth his Spirit call'd *Quadrille*.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

Kings, Queens, and Knaves make up his Pack,
And four fair Suits he wore;
His Troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
And ev'ry House, go where you will,
Is haunted by the Imp *Quadrille*, &c.

III.

Sure Cards he has for ev'ry Thing,
Which well Court-Cards they name,
And Statesmen like, calls in the King,
To help out a bad Game:
But if the Parties manage ill,
The King is forc'd to lose *Codille*, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in *Cupid*'s Books enroll'd,
And call'd a *Party Quarree*;
But now meet when and where you will,
A *Party Quarree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

V.

The Commoner, and Knight, the Peer,
Men of all Ranks and Fame,
Leave to their Wives the only Care
To propagate their Name;
And

And well that Duty they fulfil,
When the good Husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When Patients lie in piteous Case,
In comes the *Apothecary*;
And to the Doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
The Patient dies without a Pill,
For why? the Doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
The *Muscovite* grow louder;
Britain to curb her Neighbours proud,
Wou'd want both Ball and Powder;
Must want both Sword and Gun to kill;
For why, the Gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in Wrath)
And made of many a Squire and Lord,
An unwash'd Knight of *Bath*;
What are their Feats of Arms and Skill?
They're but nine Parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

IX.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe*'s Eyes;

'Twas call'd in *Poſt-Boy* and *Gazette*
The *Quadruple Allies*;
But ſomebody took ſomething ill,
So broke this Party at *Quadrille*, &c.

X.

And now, God ſave this noble Realm,
And God ſave eke *Hanover*;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the Helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His Subjects muſt play at *Quadrille*.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

---

*MOLLY MOGG: Or, the Fair Maid of the Inn.

SAYs my Uncle, I pray you diſcover
What hath been the Cauſe of your Woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a Lover?
I have ſeen *Molly Mogg* of the *Roſe*.

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Prog;
Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mogg*.

I know

I know that by Wits 'tis recited,
That Women at beſt are a Clog:
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted,
From loving of ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

The School-Boy's Deſire is a Play-Day,
The School-Maſter's Joy is to flog;
The Milk-Maid's Delight is on *May-Day*,
But mine is on ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

Will-a-wiſp leads the Traveller a gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
But no Light can ſet me a madding,
Like the Eyes of my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

For Guineas in other Mens Breeches
Your Gameſters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their Riches,
So I may win ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

The Heart, when half wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a Frog;
But my Heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

Who follows all Ladies of Pleaſure,
In Pleaſure is thought but a Hog;
All the Sex cannot give ſo good Meaſure
Of Joys, as my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
My Senſes all loſt in a Fog;
And nothing can give Satisfaction
But thinking of ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

A Letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a Jog,
And I fill all the Paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*
I wiſh I were hang'd like a Dog,
And at Court all the Drawing-Room Faces,
For a Glance of my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

Thoſe Faces want Nature and Spirit,
And ſeems as cut out of a Log,
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas*'s Merit
Unite in my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

Thoſe who toaſt all the Family Royal,
In Bumpers of *Hogan* and *Nog*,
Have Hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give up for ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

When

When she smiles on each Guest, like her Liquor,
Then Jealousy sets me ageg,
To be sure she's a Bit for the *Kiour*,
And so I shall lose *Molly Meggs*.

---

*A new Song of new Sorts.

MY Passion is as Mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad,
Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
Or, like a *March* Hare, mad.
Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as *Davis*'s Sow,
I love her still the better.
Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind;
Cool as a Cucumber could see
The rest of Womankind.
Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
Sleek as a Mouse before.

Plump as a Partridge was I known,
And soft as Silk my Skin,
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown;
But as a Groat now thin.

I melancholy as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a Top can sleep.

Hard is her Heart as Flint or Stone,
She laughs to see me pale,
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And brisk as Bottled-Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,
Is busy as a Bee,
Hearts sound as any Bell or Bench,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me, as thick as Hops or Hail,
The fine Men crowd about her,
But soon as dead as a Door-Nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my Leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My Heart wou'd be scot-free from Cares,
And lighter than a Feather.

As

As fine as five-pence is her Mien,
No Drum was ever tighter;
Her Glance is as the Razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.

As ſoft as Pap her Kiſſes are,
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As ſmooth as Glaſs, as white as Curds,
Her pretty Hand invites;
Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
Her Wit, like Pepper, bites.

Briſk as a Body-louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a Penny dreſs;
Sweet as a Roſe her Breath and Lips,
Round as the Globe her Breaſts.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,
And happy as a King;
Good Lord! how all Men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any Thing.

But falſe as Hell, ſhe, like the Wind,
Chang'd, as her Sex muſt do;
Tho' ſeeming as the Turtle kind,
And like the Goſpel true.

If

If I and *Molly* cou'd agree,
Let who wou'd take *Peru*!
Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a *Jew*.

Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Post;
Let us, like Burs, together stick,
And warm as any Toast.

You'll know me truer than a Dye,
And wish me better sped;
Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, she'll drop a Veal,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fish.

* Newgate's GARLAND; *Being a new Ballad, shewing how Mr.* Jonathan Wild's *Throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by Mr.* Blake, *alias* Blueskin, *the bold Highwayman, as he stood at his Trial in the* Old Baily, 1725.

To the Tune of the Cut-purse.

I.

YE Gallants of *Newgate*, whose Fingers are nice,
In diving in Pockets, or cogging of Dice;
Ye Sharpers so rich, who can buy off the Noose,
Ye honester poor Rogues, who die in your Shoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good News ye shall hear,
How *Jonathan*'s throat was cut from Ear to Ear.
How *Blueskin*'s sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

II.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Blueskin* was led,
He held up his Hand, his Indictment was read,
Loud rattl'd his Chains, near him *Jonathan* stood,
For full Forty Pounds was the Price of his Blood.

Then

Then hopeleſs of Life,
He drew his Penknife,
And made a ſad Widow of *Jonathan*'s Wife.
But Forty Pounds paid her, her Grief ſhall appeaſe,
And every Man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

III.

Some ſay there are Courtiers of higheſt Renown,
Who ſteal the King's Gold, and leave him but a *Crown*;
Some ſay there are Peers, and ſome Parliament Men,
Who meet once a Year to rob Courtiers agen:
Let them all take their Swing,
To pillage the King,
And get a Blue Ribbon inſtead of a String.
Now *Blueſkin*'s ſharp Penknife hath ſet you at Eaſe,
And every Man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide Guilt by their cunning Inventions,
Call'd Briberies Grants, and plain Robberies Penſions;
Phyſicians and Lawyers (who take their Degrees,)
To be Learned Rogues (call'd their Pilfering Fees;)
Since this happy Day,
Now ev'ry Man may
Rob (as ſafe as in Office) upon the Highway.
For *Blueſkin*'s ſharp Penknife hath ſet you at Eaſe,
And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

V. Some

V.

Some cheat in the Cuſtoms, ſome rob the Exciſe,
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Church-Wardens, too prudent to hazard the Halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the Altar:
But now to get Gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the Highway, ſince *Jonathan*'s cold.
For *Blueskin*'s ſharp Penknife hath ſet you at Baſe,
And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VI.

Some by publick Revenues, which paſs'd thro' their Hands,
Have purchas'd clean Houſes, and bought dirty Lands.
Some to ſteal from a Charity think it no Sin,
Which, at Home (ſays the Proverb does always begin;)
But, if ever you be
Aſſign'd a Truſtee,
Treat not Orphans like Maſters of the Chancery,
But take the Highway, and more honeſtly ſeize,
For ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VII.

What a Pother has here been with *Wood* and his Braſs,
Who would modeſtly make a few Half-pennies paſs?

The

The Patent is good, and the Precedent's old,
For *Diomede* changed his Copper for Gold:
But, if *Ireland* deſpiſe
The new Half-pennies,
With more Safety to rob on the Road I adviſe.
For *Blueskin*'s ſharp Penknife hath ſet them at Eaſe;
And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

PROMETHEUS. *On* Wood *the Patentee*'s Iriſh Half-Pence.

WHEN firſt the 'Squire and Tinker, *Wood*,
Gravely conſulting *Ireland*'s Good,
Together mingled in a Maſs
Smith's Duſt, and Copper, Lead, and Braſs,
The Mixture thus by Chymick Art,
United cloſe in every Part,
In Fillets roll'd, or cut in Pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd Species;
And by the forming Engine ſtruck,
On all the ſame Impreſſion ſtuck.
So to confound this *hated Coin*,
All *Parties* and *Religions* join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hannoverians,
Quakers, Conformiſts, Presbyterians,

Scotch,

Scotch, *Iriſh*, *Engliſh*, *French* unite,
With *equal Int'reſt*, *equal Spight*;
Together mingled in a Lump,
Do all in *One Opinion* jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The ſame Impreſſion on his Mind.

A STRANGE Event! whom *Gold* incites,
To Blood and Quarrels, *Braſs* unites;
So Goldſmiths ſay, the coarſeſt Stuff
Will ſerve for *Sodder* well enough:
So, by the *Kettle's* loud Alarm,
The *Bees* are gather'd to a *Swarm*:
So, by the *brazen* Trumpet's Bluſter,
Troops of all Tongues and Nations muſter:
And ſo the *Harp* of *Ireland* brings
Whole Crowds about its *brazen Strings*.

II.

THERE is a Chain let down from *Jove*,
But faſten'd to his Throne above;
So ſtrong, that from the lower End,
They ſay, all human Things depend:
This Chain, as ancient Poets hold,
When *Jove* was young, was made of *Gold*;
Prometheus once this Chain purloin'd,
Diſſolv'd, and into *Money* coin'd;
Then whips me on a Chain of *Braſs*,
(*Venus* was brib'd to let it paſs.)

Now

Now while this brazen Chain prevail'd,
Jove ſaw that all Devotion fail'd;
No Temple to his Godſhip rais'd;
No Sacrifice on Altars blaz'd:
In ſhort, ſuch dire Confuſion follow'd,
Earth muſt have been in Chaos ſwallow'd:
Jove ſtood amaz'd, but looking round,
With much ado the Cheat he found;
'Twas plain he cou'd no longer hold
The World in any Chain but Gold;
And to the God of Wealth, his Brother,
Sent *Mercury* to get another.

III.

PROMETHEUS on a Rock is laid,
Ty'd with the Chain himſelf had made,
On Icy *Caucaſus* to ſhiver,
While Vultures eat his growing Liver.
Ye Pow'rs of *Grubſtreet* make me able,
Diſcreetly to apply this Fable.
Say, who is to be underſtood
By that old Thief *Prometheus*? WOOD.
For *Jove*, it is not hard to gueſs him,
I mean his M——, *God bleſs him.*
This Thief and Blackſmith was ſo bold,
He ſtrove to ſteal that Chain of Gold,
(Which links the Subject to the King,)
And change it for a brazen String.

But

But ſure, if nothing elſe muſt paſs
Between the King and us, but Braſs,
Altho' the Chain will never crack,
Yet our Devotion may grow ſlack.
But *Jove* will ſoon convert, I hope,
This brazen Chain into a Rope;
With which *Prometheus* ſhall be ty'd,
And high in Air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his Liver grows,
For want of Vultures we have Crows.

*STREPHON and FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry Lady in the Land
Soft *Strephon* kept a Pother,
One Year he languiſh'd for one Hand,
And next Year for the other.
Yet when his Love the Shepherd told
To *Flavia* fair and coy,
Reſerv'd, demure, than Snow more cold,
She ſcorn'd the gentle Boy.
Late at a Ball he own'd his Pain:
She bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
With all the Marks of high Diſdain,
She'd never hear him more.
The Swain perſiſted ſtill to pray,
The Nymph ſtill to deny;

At last she vow'd she would not stay;
He swore she should not fly.
Enrag'd, she call'd her Footman strait,
And rush'd from out the Room,
Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate,
And lay with *Ralph* at Home.

CORINNA.

THIS Day, (the Year I dare not tell,)
Apollo play'd the Midwife's Part,
Into the World *Corinna* fell,
And he endow'd her with his Art,
But *Cupid* with a *Satyr* comes;
Both softly to the Cradle creep;
Both stroke her Hands, and rub her Gums,
While the poor Child lay fast asleep.
Then *Cupid* thus; This little Maid
Of Love shall always speak and write;
And I pronounce (the *Satyr* said)
The World shall feel her scratch and bite.
Her Talent she display'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving Moons
She seem'd to laugh and squawl in Rhimes,
And all her Gestures were Lampoons.

At

At six Years old the subtle Jade
Stole to the Pantry-Door, and found
The Butler with my Lady's Maid,
And you may swear the Tale went round. ——
She made a Song, how little Miss
Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a Lad;
And how, when Master went to ——,
Miss came and peep'd at all he had.
At Twelve a Wit and a Coquette, ——
Marries for Love, half Whore, half Wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in Debt;
Turns Auth'ress, and is *Curll's* for Life.
Her Common-Place-Book all gallant is,
Of Scandal now a *Cornucopia*;
She pours it out in an *Atalantis*,
Or Memoirs of the *New Utopia*.

---

* *The* QUIDNUNCKI'S: *A* TALE *Occasion'd by the Death of the Duke Regent of* France.

HOW vain are Mortal Man's Endeavours!
(Said, at * Dame *Elliot's*, Master *Tr——*,)
Good *Orleans* dead! in Truth 'tis hard;
Oh! may all Statesmen die prepar'd!

---

* *Coffee-House near St.* James's.

I do foreſee (and for foreſeeing
He equals any Man in Being)
The Army ne'er can be diſbanded.
—— I wiſh the King were ſafely landed.
Ah Friends! great Changes threat the Land!
All *France* and *England* at a Stand!
There's *Merovveis* —— mark! ſtrange Work!
And there's the *Czar*, and there's the *Turk* ——
The *Pope* —— An *India*-Merchant by,
Cut ſhort the Speech with this Reply:
ALL at a Stand? You ſee great Changes?
Ah, Sir! you never ſaw the *Ganges*.
There dwell the Nations of *Quidnuncki's*,
(So *Monomotapa* calls Monkies:
On either Bank, from Bough to Bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now.)
Whiſpers go round, they grin, they ſhrug,
They bow, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they hug;
And, juſt as Chance, or Whim provoke them,
They either bite their Friends, or ſtroke them.
THERE have I ſeen ſome active Prig,
To ſhew his Parts, beſtride a Twig:
Lord! how the chatt'ring Tribe admire,
Not that he's wiſer, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous Thing,
(For Pow'r is but to have one's Swing.)
From Side to Side he ſprings, he ſpurns,
And bangs his Foes and Friends by Turns.

Thus,

Thus, as in giddy Freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the Twig, and in he flounces!
Down the ſwift Stream the Wretch is born;
Never, ah never, to return!
Z——ds! What a Fall had our dear Brother;
Morblue! cries one, and *Damme*, t'other.
The Nation gives a gen'ral Screech,
None cocks his Tail, none claws his Breech;
Each trembles for the publick Weal,
And, for a While, forgets to ſteal.
A WHILE, all Eyes intent and ſteddy,
Purſue him, whirling down the Eddy.
But out of Mind when out of View,
Some other mounts the Twig a-new;
And Bus'neſs, on each Monkey Shore,
Runs the ſame Track it went before.

---

*AY *and* NO: *A* FABLE.

IN Fable all Things hold Diſcourſe;
Then *Words*, no doubt, muſt talk of Courſe.
ONCE on a Time, near *Channel-Row*,
Two hoſtile Adverbs, *Ay* and *No*,
Were haſt'ning to the Field of Fight,
And Front to Front ſtood oppoſite.
Before each Gen'ral join'd the Van,
Ay, the more courteous Knight, began.

Stop, peevish Particle, beware!
I'm told you are not such a Bear,
But sometimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.
Suffer yon' Folks a While to tattle;
'Tis *We* who must decide the Battle,
Whene'er we war on yonder Stage,
With various Fate, and equal Rage,
The Nation trembles at each Blow,
That *No* gives *Ay*, and *Ay* gives *No*.
Yet in expensive long Contention,
We gain nor Office, Grant, or Pension,
Why then should *Kinsfolks* quarrel thus?
(For *Two* of *You* make *One* of *Us*!)
To some wise Statesman let us go,
Where each his *proper Use* may know.
He may admit two such Commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in *Flanders*.

Let's quarter on a Great-Man's Tongue,
A Treasury Lord, not Master *Y*——*g*.
Obsequious at his high Command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the Land.
Impeachments *No* can best resist,
And *Ay* support the Civil List:
Ay! quick as *Cæsar* wins the Day;
And *No*, like *Fabius*, by Delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly Disguise,
Let *Ay's* seem *No's*, and *No's* seem *I's*;
Ay's be in Courts Denials meant,
And *No's* in Bishops give Consent.

Thus,

THUS, *Ay* propos'd —— And for Reply,
No, for the first Time, answer'd *I*.
They parted with a thousand Kisses,
And fight e'er since, for *Pox*, like *Squires*.

PHYLLIS: *Or, the Progress of* LOVE.

DEsponding *Phyllis* was endu'd
With every Talent of a Prude.
She trembled when a Man drew near,
Salute her, and she turn'd her Ear;
If o'er against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your Waist;
She'd rather take you to her Bed,
Than let you see her dress her Head;
In Church you hear her, thro' the Crowd,
Repeat the *Absolution* loud;
In Church, secure behind her Fan,
She durst behold, that Monster, *Man*;
There practis'd how to place her Head,
And bit her Lips to make them red;
Or, on the Mat devoutly kneeling,
Wou'd lift her Eyes up to the Cieling,
And heave her Bosom, unaware,
For neighb'ring Beaux to see it bare.

At length, a lucky Love came,
And found Admittance to the Dame.
Suppose all Parties now agreed,
The Writings drawn, the Lawyer fee'd,
The Vicar and the Ring beſpoke;
Gueſs, how could ſuch a Match be broke?
See, then, what Mortals place their Bliſs in!
Next Morn betimes, the Bride was miſſing.
The Mother ſcream'd, the Father chid;
Where can this idle Wench be hid?
No News of *Phyl*! The Bridegroom came,
And thought his Bride had ſculk'd for Shame;
Becauſe her Father us'd to ſay,
The Girl *had ſuch a baſhful Way*.

Now *John* the Butler muſt be ſent
To learn the Road that *Phyllis* went:
The Groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle *Crop*:
For *John* muſt neither light, nor ſtop,
But find her wherefoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back Alive or Dead.

See here again the Devil to do;
For, truly, *John* was miſſing too:
The Horſe and Pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it ſeems, was fled with *John*.

Old Madam, who went up to find
What Papers *Phyl* had left behind,
A Letter on the Toilet ſees,
To my much Honour'd Father ——— Theſe.

('Tis

'Tis always done, Romances tell us,
When Daughters run away with Fellows;
Fill'd with the choicest Common-Places,
By others us'd in the like Cases!
" That, long ago, a *Fortune-Teller*
" Exactly said what now befel her;
" And in a *Glass* had made her to see
" A *Serving-Man of low Degree*.
" It was *her Fate*, must be forgiven,
" For *Marriages were made in Heaven*;
" His Pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
" She'd *do't if 'twere to do again*.
" Thank'd God, 'twas *neither Shame nor Sin*,
" For *John* was come of *honest Kin*.
" Love never thinks of Rich and Poor,
" *She'd beg with John from Door to Door*.
" Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
" She'll never do't *another Time*.
" She ne'er before in all her Life
" Once disobey'd him, *Maid not Wife*.
" One Argument she summ'd up all in,
" The *Thing was done, and past recalling*;
" And therefore hop'd she should recover
" His Favour when his *Passion's over!*
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was —— his *most Obedient Daughter*.
FAIR Maidens all attend the Muse,
Who now the wand'ring Pair pursues.

Away

Away they rode in homely sort,
Their Journey long, their Money short;
The loving Couple well bemir'd;
The Horse and both the Riders tir'd;
Their Victuals bad, their Lodging worse;
Phyl cry'd, and *John* began to curse;
Phyl wish'd, that she had strain'd a Limb,
When first she ventur'd out with him;
John wish'd, that he had broke a Leg,
When first for her he quitted *Peg*.

But what Adventures more befel 'em,
The Muse hath now no Time to tell 'em;
How *Johnny* wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till *Phyllis* all her Trinkets pawn'd:
How oft she broke her Marriage Vows,
In Kindness to maintain her Spouse.
Till Swains unwholsome spoil'd the Trade;
For now the Surgeons must be paid,
To whom those Perquisites are gone,
In Christian Justice due to *John*.

When Food and Raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a Period to the Farce,
And with exact Poetick Justice;
For *John* is Landlord, *Phyllis* Hostess:
They keep, at *Staines*, the *Old Blue-Boar*,
Are Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.

The

The Progress of POETRY.

THE Farmer's Goose, who in the Stubble
Has fed without Restraint, or Trouble;
Grown fat with Corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the Barn-Door Sill:
And hardly waddles forth, to cool
Her Belly in the neighb'ring Pool:
Nor loudly cackles at the Door;
For cackling shews the Goose is poor.

BUT when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren Common strays,
Hard Exercise, and harder Fare,
Soon make my Dame grow lank and spare:
Her Body light, she tries her Wings,
And scorns the Ground, and upward springs,
While all the Parish, as she flies,
Hear Sounds harmonious from the Skies.

SUCH is the Poet, fresh in Pay,
(The third Night's Profits of his Play;
His Morning-Draughts 'till Noon can swill,
Among his Brethren of the Quill:
With good Roast Beef his Belly full,
Grown, lazy, loggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in Plenty, and Delight,
What Poet e'er could take his Flight?

Or stuff'd with Phlegm up to the Throat,
What Poet e'er could sing a Note?
Nor *Pegasus* could bear the Load,
Along the high celestial Road;
The Steed, oppress'd, would break his Girth,
To raise the Lumber from the Earth.

BUT, view him in another Scene,
When all his Drink is *Hippocrene*,
His Money spent, his Patrons fail,
His Credit out for Cheese and Ale;
His Two Years Coat so smooth and bare,
Through ev'ry Thread it lets in Air:
With hungry Meals his Body pin'd,
His Guts and Belly full of Wind;
And like a Jockey for a Race,
His Flesh brought down to Flying-Case:
Now his exalted Spirit loaths
Incumbrances of Food and Cloaths:
And up he rises, like a Vapour,
Supported high on Wings of Paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all *Grubstreet* rings.

The Progress of BEAUTY.

WHEN first *Diana* leaves her Bed,
Vapours and Steams her looks disgrace,
A frowzy

A frowzy dirty-colour'd Red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled Face;
But, by Degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial Face appears,
Down from her Window in the Sky,
Her Spots are gone, her Visage clears.
'Twixt earthly Females and the Moon,
All Parallels exactly run;
If *Celia* should appear too soon,
Alas, the Nymph would be undone!
To see her from her Pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy Steam,
Crack'd Lips, foul Teeth, and gummy Eyes,
Poor *Strephon*, how wou'd he blaspheme!
Three Colours, Black, and Red and White,
So graceful in their proper Place,
Remove them to a diff'rent Light,
They form a frightful hideous Face:
For Instance, when the Lilly skips
Into the Precincts of the Rose,
And takes Possession of the Lips,
Leaving the Purple to the Nose.
So *Celia* went entire to Bed,
All her Complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, White, Black, and Red,
Tho' still in Sight had chang'd their Ground.
The Black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior Station seeks,

Leaving

Leaving the fiery Red behind,
And mingles in her muddy Cheeks.
But *Celia* can with Eaſe reduce,
By Help of Pencil, Paint, and Bruſh,
Each Colour to its Place and Uſe,
And teach her Cheeks again to bluſh.
She knows her *early* faſt no more;
But, fill'd with Admiration, ſtands,
As other Painters oft adore
The Workmanſhip of their own Hands.
Thus, after four important Hours,
Celia's the Wonder of her Sex:
Say, which among the Heav'nly Pow'rs
Could cauſe ſuch marvellous Effects?
Venus, indulgent to her Kind,
Gave Women all their Hearts could wiſh,
When firſt ſhe taught them where to find
White Lead and *Loſitanian* Diſh.
Love with White Lead cements his Wings:
White Lead was ſent us to repair
Two brighteſt, brittleſt, earthly Things,
A Lady's Face, and *China* Ware.
She ventures now to lift the Saſh,
The Window is her proper Sphere:
Ah lovely Nymph! be not too raſh,
Nor let the Beaux approach too near:

---

* Portugal.

Take

Take Pattern by your *Sister* Star,
Delude at once, and bless our Sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly chuse to shine by Night.
But Art no longer can prevail,
When the Materials all are gone;
The best Mechanick Hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.
Matter, as wise Logicians say,
Cannot without a *Form* subsist;
And *Form*, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if *Matter* brings no Grist.
And this is fair *Diana*'s Case;
For all Astrologers maintain
Each Night, a Bit drops off her Face,
When Mortals say she's in her Wane;
While *Partridge* wisely shews the Cause
Efficient of the Moon's Decay,
That *Cancer*, with his pois'nous Claws,
Attacks her in the *Milky Way*:
But *Gadbury*, in Art profound,
From her pale Cheeks pretends to shew
That Swain *Endymion* is not found,
Or else that *Mercury*'s her Foe.
But let the Cause be what it will,
In half a Mouth she looks so thin,
That *Flamstead* can, with all his Skill,
See but her Forehead and her Chin.

Yet,

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
'Till Midnight never shews her Head;
So rotten *Celia*, strides the Street,
When sober Folks are all a-bed:
For sure if this be *Luna*'s Fate,
Poor *Celia*, but of mortal Race,
In vain expects a longer Date,
To the Materials of *her* Face.
When *Mercury* her Tresses mows,
To think of Black-Lead Combs in vain;
No Painting can restore a *Nose*,
Nor will her *Teeth* return again.
Ye Pow'rs, who over Love preside!
Since Mortal Beauties drop so soon,
If you would have us well supply'd,
Send us *New* Nymphs with each *New* Moon.

PETHOX *the Great.*

FROM *Venus* born, thy Beauty shows,
But who thy Father, no Man knows.
Nor can the skilful Herald trace
The Founder of thy ancient Race,
Whether thy Temper, full of Fire,
Discovers *Vulcan* for thy Sire,
The God who made *Scamander* boil,
And round the Margin sing'd his Soil,

(From

(From whence Philoſophers agree,
An equal Pow'r deſcends to thee.)
Whether from War's ſtern God you claim
The high Deſcent from whence you came,
And, as a Proof, ſhew num'rous Scars,
By fierce Encounters made in Wars;
(Thoſe honourable Wounds you bore
From Head to Foot, and all before;)
And ſtill the bloody Field frequent,
Familiar in each Leader's Tent.
Or whether, as the Learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring Gaul deſcend;
Or from *Parnethope* the proud,
Where, numberleſs, thy Vot'ries crowd:
Whether thy great Forefathers came
From Realms that bear *Veſputio*'s Name;
For ſo Conjectors would obtrude,
And from thy painted Skin conclude.
Whether, as *Epicurus* ſhows,
The World from juſtling Seeds aroſe,
Which mingling with prolifick Strife
In Chaos, kindled into Life;
So your Production was the ſame,
And from contending Atoms came.
THY fair indulgent Mother crown'd
Thy Head with ſparkling Rubies round;
Beneath thy decent Steps, the Road
Is all with precious Jewels ſtrow'd.

The * Bird of *Pallas* knows his Post,
Thee to attend where-e'er thou go'ſt.

BYZANTIANS boaſt, that on the Clod
Where once their *Sultan*'s Horſe hath trod,
Grows neither Graſs, nor Shrub, nor Tree;
The ſame thy Subjects boaſt of thee.

THE greateſt Lord, when you appear,
Will deign your Livery to wear,
In all the various Colours ſeen,
Of Red, and Yellow, Blue, and Green.

WITH half a Word, when you require,
The Man of Buſ'neſs muſt retire.

THE haughty Miniſter of State
With Trembling muſt thy Leiſure wait:
And while his Fate is in thy Hands,
The Buſ'neſs of the Nation ſtands.

THOU dar'ſt the greateſt Prince attack,
Can'ſt hourly ſet him on the Rack,
And, as an Inſtance of thy Pow'r,
Incloſe him in a wooden Tow'r,
With pungent Pains on ev'ry Side;
So *Regulus* in Torments dy'd.

FROM thee our Youth all Virtues learn,
Dangers with Prudence to diſcern;
And well thy Scholars are endu'd
With Temp'rance, and with Fortitude.

---

* Bubo, *the Owl.*

With

With Patience, which all His ſupports,
And Secrecy, the Art of Courts.

THE glitt'ring Beau could hardly tell,
Without your Aid, to read or ſpell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a Billet-doux.

WITH what Delight, methinks, I trace
Your Blood in ev'ry Noble Race!
In whom thy Features, Shape, and Mien,
Are to the Life diſtinctly ſeen.

THE *Britons*, once a Savage Kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Deſcendents of the barb'rous *Huns*,
With Limbs robuſt, and Voice that ſtuns;
But you have moulded them a-freſh,
Remov'd the tough ſuperfluous Fleſh,
Taught them to modulate their Tongues,
And ſpeak without the help of Lungs.

PROTEUS on you beſtow'd the Boon
To change your Viſage like the Moon,
So ſometimes half a Face produce,
Keep t'other Half for private Uſe.

How fam'd thy Conduct in the Fight,
With * *Hermes*, Son of *Pleias* bright.
Out-number'd, half encompaſs'd round,
You ſtrove for ev'ry Inch of Ground;

* Mercury.

Then, by a Soldierly Retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial Seat,
The Victor, when your Steps he trac'd,
Found all the Realms before him waste;
You, o'er the high triumphal Arch
Pontifick, made your glorious March;
The wond'rous Arch behind you fell,
And left a Chaſm profound as Hell;
You, in your Capitol ſecur'd,
A Siege as long as *Troy* endur'd.

**The Lamentation of* Glumdalclitch *for the Loſs of* Grildrig. *A* PASTORAL.

SOON as *Glumdalclitch* miſs'd her pleaſing Care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her Hair.
No *Britiſh* Miſs ſincerer Grief has known,
Her Squirrel miſſing, or her Sparrow flown.
She furl'd her Sampler, and haul'd in her Thread,
And ſtuck her Needle into *Grildrig*'s Bed;
Then ſpread her Hands, and with a Bounce let fall
Her Baby, like the Giant in *Guildhall*.
In Peals of Thunder now ſhe roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing Cow:
Yet lovely in her Sorrow ſtill appears,
Her Locks diſhevell'd, and her Flood of Tears

Seem

Seem like the lofty Barn of ſome rich Swain,
When from the Thatch drips faſt a Show'r of Rain.
In vain ſhe ſearch'd each Cranny of the Houſe,
Each gaping Chink impervious to a Mouſe.
"Was it for this (ſhe cry'd) with daily Care
"Within thy Reach I ſet the Vinegar!
"And fill'd the Cruet with the Acid Tide,
"While Pepper-Water Worms thy Bait ſupply'd;
"Where twin'd the Silver Eel around thy Hook,
"And all the little Monſters of the Brook.
"Sure in that Lake he dropt; My *Grilly*'s drown'd.--
"She dragg'd the Cruet, but no *Grildrig* found.
"VAIN is thy Courage, *Grilly*, vain thy Boaſt;
"But little Creatures enterpriſe the moſt.
"Trembling, I've ſeen thee dare the Kitten's Paw,
"Nay, mix with Children, as they play'd at Taw,
"Nor fear the Marbles, as they bounding flew;
"Marbles to them, but rolling Rocks to you.
"WHY did I truſt thee with that giddy Youth,
"Who from a *Page* can ever learn the Truth?
"Vers'd in Court Tricks, that Money-loving Boy
"To ſome Lord's Daughter ſold the living Toy;
"Or rent him Limb from Limb in cruel Play,
"As Children tear the Wings of Flies away.
"From Place to Place o'er *Brobdingnag* I'll roam,
"And never will return, or bring thee home.
"But who hath Eyes to trace the paſſing Wind?
"How then, thy fairy Footſteps can I find?

" Doſt thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
" In the green Thicket of a moſſy Stone;
" Or tumbled from the Toadſtool's ſlipp'ry Round,
" Perhaps all maim'd, lie grov'ling on the Ground?
" Doſt thou, inboſom'd in the lovely Roſe,
" Or ſunk within the Peach's Down, repoſe?
" Within the King-Cup if thy Limbs are ſpread,
" Or in the golden Cowſlip's Velvet Head:
" O ſhew me, *Flora*, midſt thoſe Sweets, the Flow'r
" Where ſleeps my *Gridelig* in his fragrant Bow'r!
" But ah! I fear thy little Fancy roves,
" On little Females, and on little Loves;
" Thy Pigmy Children, and thy tiny Spouſe,
" The Baby Play-things that adorn thy Houſe,
" Doors, Windows, Chimnies, and the ſpacious Rooms,
" Equal in Size to Cells of Honeycombs,
" Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the Shore,
" Thy Bark a Bean-ſhell, and a Straw thy Oar?
" Or in thy Box, now bounding on the Main,
" Shall I ne'er bear thy ſelf and Houſe again?
" And ſhall I ſet thee on my Hand no more,
" To ſee thee leap the Lines, and traverſe o'er
" My ſpacious Palm? Of Stature ſcarce a Span,
" Mimick the Actions of a real Man?
" No more behold thee turn my Watches Key,
" As Seamen at a Capſtern Anchors weigh?
" How wert thou wont to walk with cautious Tread,
" A Diſh of Tea like Milk-Pail on thy Head?

" How

"How chaſe the Mite that bore thy Cheeſe away,
"And keep the rolling Maggot at a Bay?
SHE ſaid, but broken Accents ſtopt her Voice,
Soft as the Speaking-Trumpet's mellow Noiſe:
She ſobb'd a Storm, and wip'd her flowing Eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad Suns in miſty Skies!
O ſquander not thy Grief; thoſe Tears command
To weep upon our Cod in *Newfoundland*:
The plenteous Pickle ſhall preſerve the Fiſh,
And *Europe* taſte thy Sorrows in a Diſh.

---

* MARY GULLIVER *to Captain* LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, ſome Time after his Return, being retired to Mr. Sympſon's *in the Country, Mrs.* Gulliver, *apprehending from his late Behaviour ſome Eſtrangement of his Affections, writes him the following expoſtulating, ſoothing, and tenderly-complaining Epiſtle.*

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native Place!
——What, touch me not? what, ſhun a Wife's Embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious Abſence borne,
And wak'd, and wiſh'd whole Nights for thy Return,

In five long Years I took no second Spouſe;
What *Redriff* Wife ſo long hath kept her Vows?
Your Eyes, your Noſe, Inconſtancy betray;
Your Noſe you ſtop, your Eyes you turn away.
'Tis ſaid, that thou ſhould'ſt *cleave unto thy Wife*;
Once *thou* didſt cleave, and I could cleave for Life.
Hear, and relent! hark how thy Children moan;
Be kind at leaſt to theſe, they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all; ſecure to find
The honeſt Number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty Paws:
Why ſtart you? are they Snakes? or have they Claws?
Thy Chriſtian Seed, our mutual Fleſh and Bone;
Be kind at leaſt to theſe, they are thy own.
* *BIDDEL*, like thee, might fartheſt *India* rove;
He chang'd his Country, but retain'd his Love.
There's Captain *Pennell*, abſent half his Life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his Wife.
Yet *Pennell*'s Wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Mrs. *Biddel* ſure is fifty-three.
NOT touch me! never Neighbour call'd me Slut;
Was *Flimnap*'s Dame more ſweet in *Lilliput*?
I've no red Hair to breathe an odious Fume;
At leaſt thy Conſort's cleaner than thy *Groom*.
Why then that dirty Stable-boy thy Care?
What means thoſe Viſits to the *Sorrel Mare*?

---

* *Names of the Sea Captains mention'd in* Gulliver's *Travels.*

Say, by what Witchcraft, or what Dæmon led,
Preferr'ſt thou *Litter* to the Marriage Bed!
SOME ſay the Devil himſelf is in that *Mare*:
If ſo, our *Dean* ſhall drive him forth by Pray'r.
Some think you mad, ſome think you are poſſeſt,
That *Bedlam* and clean Straw will ſuit you beſt.
Vain Means, alas, this Frenzy to appeaſe!
That *Straw*, that *Straw* would heighten the Diſeaſe.
MY Bed, (the Scene of all our former Joys,
Witneſs two lovely Girls, two lovely Boys)
Alone I preſs; in Dreams I call my Dear,
I ſtretch my Hand, no *Gulliver* is there!
I wake, I riſe, and ſhiv'ring with the Froſt,
Search all the Houſe, my *Gulliver* is loſt!
Forth in the Street I ruſh with frantick Cries;
The Windows open, all the Neighbours riſe;
Where ſleeps my Gulliver? *O tell me where!*
The Neighbours anſwer, "*With the Sorrel Mare.*"
AT early Morn, I to the Market haſte,
(Studious in ev'ry Thing to pleaſe thy Taſte;)
A curious *Fowl*, and *Sparagraſs* I choſe,
(For I remember you were fond of thoſe,)
Three Shillings coſt the firſt, the laſt ſev'n Groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for *Oats*.
OTHERS bring Goods and Treaſure to their Houſes,
Something to deck their pretty Babes and Spouſes;
My *only* Token was a Cup like Horn,
That's made of nothing but a Lady's *Corn*.

'Tis

'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to ſee
The *Groom* and *Sorrel Mare* preferr'd to me!
THESE, for ſome Moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due Diſtance) ſweet Diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my Pleaſure thy paſt Toil to know,
For pleas'd Remembrance builds Delight on Woe.
At ev'ry Danger pants thy Conſort's Breaſt,
And gaping Infants ſquawl to hear the reſt.
How did I tremble, when by thouſands bound,
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on *Lilliputian* Ground?
When ſcaling Armies climb'd up ev'ry Part,
Each Step they trod, I felt upon my Heart.
But when thy Torrent quench'd the dreadful Blaze,
King, Queen, and Nation, ſtaring with Amaze,
Full in my View how all my Huſband came,
And what extinguiſh'd theirs, increas'd my Flame.
Thoſe *Spectacles*, ordain'd thine Eyes to ſave,
Were once my Preſent; *Love* that Armour gave.
How did I mourn at *Belgolam*'s Decree!
For when he ſign'd thy Death, he ſentenc'd me.
WHEN Folks might ſee thee all the Country round
For Six pence, I'd have giv'n a thouſand Pound.
Lord! when the *Giant-Babe* that Head of thine
Got in his Mouth, my Heart was up in mine!
When in the *Marrow-Bone* I ſee thee ramm'd;
Or on the Houſe-top by the *Monkey* cramm'd?
The Piteous Images renew my Pain,
And all thy Dangers I weep o'er again.

But

But on the *Maiden*'s *Nipple* when you rid,
Pray Heav'n, 'twas all a wanton Maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her Caſe:
Heav'n guard the gentle Girl from all Diſgrace!
O may the King that one Neglect forgive,
And pardon her the Fault by which I live!
Was there no other Way to ſet him free!
My Life, alas! I fear prov'd Death to thee.
O TEACH me, Dear, new Words to ſpeak my Flame!
Teach me to wooe thee by thy beſt-lov'd Name!
Whether the Style of *Grildrig* pleaſe thee moſt,
So call'd on *Brobdingnag*'s ſtupendous Coaſt,
When on the Monarch's ample Hand you ſate,
And hollow'd in his Ear Intrigues of State;
Or *Quinbus Fleſtrin* more Endearment brings;
When like a Mountain you look down on Kings:
If Ducal *Nardac Lilliputian* Peer,
Or *Glumglum*'s humbler Title ſooth thy Ear:
Nay, wou'd kind *Jove* my Organs ſo diſpoſe,
To hymn harmonious *Houyhnhnm* thro' the Noſe,
I'd call thee *Houyhnhnm*, that high ſounding Name,
Thy Children's Noſes all ſhould twang the ſame.
So might I find my loving Spouſe of Courſe
Endu'd with all the *Virtues* of a *Horſe*.

* *To* QUINBUS FLESTRIN, *the* Man-Mountain. *A Lilliputian Ode.*

IN Amaze
Loſt, I gaze,
Can our Eyes
Reach thy Size?
May my Lays
Swell with Praiſe,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muſe inſpire,
All thy Fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they ſaid
Atlas Head
Propt the Skies:
See! and believe your Eyes?
SEE him ſtride
Valleys wide,
Over Woods,
Over Floods,
When he treads,
Mountains Heads

Groan,

Groan and ſhake:
Armies quake:
Let his Spurn
Overturn
Man and Steed,
Troops take Heed!
Left and Right,
Speed your Flight!
Left an Hoſt
Beneath his Foot be loſt.
TURN'D aſide
From his Hide,
Safe from Wound
Darts rebound.
From his Noſe
Clouds he blows:
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy Ear,
In mid Air,
On thy Hand,
Let me ſtand;
So ſhall I,
Lofty Poet! touch the Sky.

* *A Gentle* ECHO *on* WOMAN. *In the* Dorick *Manner.*

Shepherd;

ECHO, I ween, will in the Woods reply,
And quaintly anſwer Queſtion: Shall I try?

Echo; *Try.*

Shepherd;

What muſt we do our Paſſion to expreſs?

Echo; *Preſs.*

Shepherd;

How ſhall I pleaſe her who ne'er lov'd before?

Echo; *Before.*

Shepherd;

What moſt moves Women, when we them addreſs?

Echo; *A Dreſs.*

Shepherd;

Say what can keep her chaſte, whom I adore?

Echo; *A Door.*

Shepherd;

If Muſick ſoftens Rocks, Love tunes my Lyre.

Echo; *Lyar.*

Shepherd;

Then teach me, Echo, how ſhall I come by her?

Echo; *Buy her.*

Shepherd;

When bought, no queſtion, I ſhall be her Dear.

Echo; *Her Deer.*

Shepherd;

Shepherd;
But Deer have Horns; how muſt I keep her under?
Echo; *Keep her under.*
Shepherd;
How ſhall I hold her ne'er to part aſunder?
Echo; *A——ſe under.*
Shepherd;
But what can glad me when ſhe's laid on Bier?
Echo; *Beer.*
Shepherd;
What muſt I do, when Woman will be kind?
Echo; *Be kind.*
Shepherd;
What muſt I do when Woman will be croſs?
Echo; *Be croſs.*
Shepherd;
Lord! what is ſhe that can ſo turn and wind?
Echo; *Wind.*
Shepherd;
If ſhe be Wind, what ſtills her when ſhe blows?
Echo; *Bleſs.*
Shepherd;
But if ſhe bang again, ſtill ſhou'd I bang her?
Echo; *Bang her.*
Shepherd;
Is there no Way to moderate her Anger?
Echo; *Hang her.*
Shepherd;
Thanks, gentle Echo, right thy Anſwers tell,
What Woman is, and how to guard her well.
Echo; *Guard her well.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE *to a Play, for the Benefit of the* Weavers *in* Ireland.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious Age,
When Charity begins to tread the Stage?
When Actors, who at beſt are hardly Savers,
Will give a Night of Benefit to Weavers?
Stay, —— Let me ſee, how finely will it ſound!
Imprimis, from his Grace, a hundred Pound.
Peers, Clergy, Gentry, all are Benefactors;
And then comes in the *Item* of the Actors.
Item, the Actors freely give a Day, ——
The Poet had no more who made the Play.
BUT whence this wond'rous Charity in Play'rs?
They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Pray'rs.
Under the Roſe, ſince here are none but Friends,
(To own the Truth) we have ſome private Ends;
Since Waiting-women, like exacting Jades,
Hold up the Prices of their old *Brocades*;
We'll dreſs in *Manufactures* made at home,
Equip our *Kings* and *Gen'rals* at the *Comb*.
We'll rig in *Meath-Street*, *Ægypt*'s haughty *Queens*;
And *Anthony* ſhall court her in *Ratteen*.
In *blue Shalloon* ſhall *Hannibal* be clad,
And *Scipio* trail an *Iriſh Purple Plad*.
In Drugget dreſt, of thirteen Pence a Yard,
See *Phillip*'s Son amidſt his *Perſian* Guard:

And

And proud *Roxana*, fir'd with jealous Rage,
With fifty Yards of Crape ſhall ſweep the Stage;
In ſhort, our Kings and Princeſſes within,
Are all reſolv'd the Project to begin;
And you, our Subjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the Faſhions of the Court.

OH! cou'd I ſee this Audience clad in *Stuff*,
Tho' Money's ſcarce, we ſhould have Trade enough:
But *Chints*, *Brocades*, and *Lace* take all away,
And ſcarce a Crown is left to ſee a Play;
Perhaps you wonder whence this Friendſhip ſprings
Between the *Weavers*, and us Play-Houſe Kings;
But Wit and Weaving had the ſame Beginning:
Pallas firſt taught us Poetry and Spinning;
And next obſerve how this Alliance fits,
For *Weavers* now are juſt as poor as Wits;
Their Brother Quill-men, Workers for the Stage,
For ſorry *Stuff* can get a Crown a Page;
But *Weavers* will be kinder to the *Players*,
And ſell for Twenty-pence a Yard of theirs.
And, to your Knowledge, there is often leſs in
The *Poet*'s Wit, than in the *Player*'s Dreſſing.

EPITAPH *on a* MISER.

BENEATH this verdant *Hillock* lies,
Demar, the *Wealthy* and the *Wiſe*.

His *Heirs*, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his *Carcaſs* in a *Cheſt*:
The very *Cheſt*, in which, they ſay,
His *other ſelf*, his *Money*, lay.
And if his *Heirs* continue kind
To that dear *Self* he left behind,
I dare believe, that Four in Five
Will think his *better Half* alive.

To STELLA, *who collected and tranſcribed his* POEMS.

AS when a lofty Pile is rais'd,
We never hear the Workmen prais'd,
Who bring the Lime, or place the Stones;
But all admire *Inigo Jones*:
So if this Pile of ſcatter'd Rhymes
Shou'd be approv'd in After-times,
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The Merit and the Praiſe are yours.

THOU, *Stella*, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my Harp I ſtrung.
Without one Word of *Cupid*'s Darts,
Of killing Eyes, or bleeding Hearts:
With Friendſhip and Eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted Love a Gueſt.

In all the Habitudes of Life,
The Friend, the Miſtreſs, and the Wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In Pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new:
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take Comfort, that our own is beſt:
The beſt we value by the worſt,
(As Tradeſmen ſhew their Traſh at firſt:)
But his Purſuits are at an End,
Whom *Stella* chuſes for a *Friend*.

A POET, ſtarving in a Garret,
Conning old Topicks like a Parrot,
Invokes his Miſtreſs and his Muſe,
And ſtays at Home for want of Shoes:
Shou'd but his Muſe deſcending drop
A Slice of Bread and Mutton-Chop,
Or kindly, when his Credit's out,
Surprize him with a Pint of Stout.
Or patch his broken Stockings Soals,
Or ſend him in a Peck of Coals;
Exalted in his mighty Mind
He flies, and leaves the Stars behind;
Counts all his Labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely Aid.

OR ſhou'd a Porter make Enquiries
For *Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Phyllis*, *Iris*,
Be told the Lodging, Lane, and Sign,
The Bow'rs that hold thoſe Nymphs divine;

Fair *Chloe* would perhaps be found
With Footmen tippling under Ground,
The charming *Sylvia* beating Flax,
Her Shoulders mark'd with bloody Tracks;
Bright *Phillis* mending ragged Smocks,
And radiant *Iris* in the Pox.

THESE are the Goddeſſes enroll'd
In *Curll*'s Collections, new and old,
Whoſe Scoundrel Fathers wou'd not know 'em,
If they ſhould meet them in a Poem.

TRUE Poets can depreſs and raiſe;
Are Lords of Infamy and Praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in Satire,
Nor will in Panegyrick flatter.
Uujuſtly Poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in Verſe;
And all the Fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.

Now ſhould my Praiſes owe their Truth
To Beauty, Dreſs, or Paint, or Youth,
What Stoicks call *without our Pow'r*,
They could not be inſur'd an Hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual Stock,
That muſt our Expectation mock,
And making one luxuriant Shoot,
Die the next Year for want of Root;
Before I cou'd my Verſes bring,
Perhaps you're quite another Thing.

So

So *Mævius*, when he drain'd his Skull,
To celebrate ſome Suburb Trull;
His Similies in Order ſet,
And ev'ry Grambo he cou'd get;
Had gone thro' all the Common-Places,
Worn out by Wits who rhyme on Faces;
Before he could his Poem cloſe,
The lovely Nymph had loſt her Noſe.

YOUR Virtues ſafely I commend,
They on no Accidents depend;
Let Malice look with all her Eyes,
She dares not ſay the Poet lies.

STELLA, when you theſe Lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a Bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your Pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker Side.

YOUR Spirits kindle to a Flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of Blame,
And when a Friend in Kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your Error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole Defence;
Truth, Judgment, Wit, give Place to Spite,
Regardleſs both of Wrong and Right,
Your Virtues all ſuſpended, wait
Till Time hath open'd Reaſon's Gate;
And what is worſe, your Paſſion bends
Its Force againſt your neareſt Friends;

Which Manners, Decency, and Pride,
Have taught you from the World to hide;
In vain; for see, your Friend hath brought
To publick Light your only Fault;
And yet a Fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous Mind:
And may compare to *Etna's* Fire,
Which, tho' with Trembling, all admire;
The Heat that makes the Summit glow,
Enriching all the Vales below.
Those who in warmer Climes complain
From *Phœbus'* Rays they suffer Pain,
Must own, that Pain is largely paid
By gen'rous Wines beneath the Shade.

YET when I find your Passions rise,
And Anger sparkling in your Eyes,
I grieve those Spirits should be spent,
For nobler Ends by Nature meant.
One Passion with a diff'rent Turn,
Makes Wit inflame, or Anger burn:
So the Sun's Heat, with diff'rent Pow'rs,
Ripens the Grape, the Liquors sours.
Thus *Ajax*, when with Rage possest
By *Pallas* breath'd into his Breast,
His Valour wou'd no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd *Troy*;
But blinded by Resentment, seeks
For Vengeance on his Friends the *Greeks*.

You

You think this Turbulence of Blood
From ſtagnating preſerves the Flood:
Which thus fermenting, by Degrees
Exalts the Spirits, ſinks the Lees.
STELLA, for once you reaſon wrong:
For ſhou'd this Ferment laſt too long,
By Time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but Acid left behind.
From Paſſion you may then be freed,
When Peviſhneſs and Spleen ſucceed.
SAY, *Stella*, when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the Text?
Dare you let theſe Reproaches ſtand,
And to your Failing ſet your Hand?
Or if theſe Lines your Anger fire,
Shall they in baſer Flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They'll prove my Accuſation juſt.

The JOURNAL *of a* Modern LADY.

IT was a moſt unfriendly Part,
In you who ought to know my Heart,
So well acquainted with my Zeal
For all the Female Common-weal:

How cou'd it come into your Mind,
To pitch on me, of all Mankind,
Againſt the Sex to write a Satyr,
And brand me for a Woman-Hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival *Venus* to a Hair;
Their Virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a String.
Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
Will he his Character bely?
Muſt never our Misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only Friend?
Ah, lovely Nymphs remove your Fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious Tears.
Sooner ſhall, *&c.*

[*Here ſeveral Verſes are omitted.*]

The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.

'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then give the Subject out of Spite.
The *Journal of a Modern Dame*,
Is by my Promiſe what you claim;
My Word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit,
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe, for not a Line
Of all the Satyr ſhall be mine.

Com-

Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
The common Slanders of the Times.
Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence ſecures:
Unwilling Muſe begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the Sequel)
The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some Authors ſay not quite ſo ſoon,
Becauſe, tho' ſore againſt her Will,
She ſat all Night up at *Quadrill.*
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
And then to cool her heated Brains,
Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
Takes a large Dram of Citron-Water.
Then to her Glaſs; and "*Betty*, pray,
" Don't I look frightfully to Day?
" But, was it not confounded hard?
" Well, if I ever touch a Card:
" Four *Mattadores*, and loſe *Codill*?
" Depend upon't, I never will.
" But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
" The Ladies here to Night by Six."
Madam, the Goldſmith waits below:
He ſays, his Buſineſs is to know

If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
You pawn'd to him? —— Firſt ſhew him up.
Your Dreſſing Plate, he'll be content
To take, for Intereſt *Cent. per Cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
Hath ſent this Letter by her Maid.
" Well, I remember what ſhe won;
" And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
" Here, carry down thoſe ten Piſtoles
" My Huſband left to pay for Coals:
" I thank my Stars, they are all light;
" And I may have Revenge to Night."
Now, loit'ring o'er her Tea and Cream,
She enters on her uſual Theme;
Her laſt Night's ill Succeſs repeats,
Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats:
She ſlipt Spadillo in her Breaſt,
Then thought to turn it to a Jeſt.
There's Mrs. *Cut* and ſhe combine,
And to each other give the Sign.
Through ev'ry Game purſues her Tale,
Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,
Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace:
Freſh Matter for a World of Chat,
Right *Indian* this, right *Mecklin* that;
Obſerve this Pattern; there's a Stuff,
I can have Cuſtomers enough.

Dear

Dear Madam, you are grown ſo hard,
This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard;
Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
I never ſold ſo cheap a Fan.

This Buſineſs of Importance o'er,
And Madam almoſt dreſt by Four;
The Footman, in his uſual Phraſe,
Comes up with, Madam, Dinner ſtays;
She anſwers in her uſual Style,
The Cook muſt keep it back a while;
I never can have Time to dreſs,
No Woman breathing takes up leſs;
I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick,
I wiſh the Dinner at *Old Nick*.
At Table now ſhe acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:
'I thought we were to dine alone,
'My Dear, for ſure if I had known
'This Company would come to Day ——
'But really, 'tis my Spouſe's Way;
'He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
'To tell, when he invites his Friends:
'I wiſh ye may but have enough.'
And while, with all this paultry Stuff,
She fits tormenting ev'ry Gueſt,
Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Reſt,
In Phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern Ladies call polite;

You

You ſee the Booby Huſband ſit
In Admiration at her Wit!

But let me now a while ſurvey
Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy Clans
Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans:
When frighted at the Clam'rous Crew,
Away the God of *Silence* flew.
And fair *Diſcretion* left the Place,
And *Modeſty* with bluſhing Face:
Now enters over-weening *Pride*,
And *Scandal* ever-gaping wide,
Hipocriſy with Frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing Air;
Rude *Laughter* ſeeming like to burſt,
And *Malice* always judging worſt;
And *Vanity* with Pocket-Glaſs,
And *Impudence* with Front of Braſs;
And ſtudied *Affectation* came,
Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame,
While *Ignorance* with Brain of Lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An hundred Tongues, as Poets uſe,
When, to give ev'ry Dame her Due,
An Hundred Thouſand were too few!

Or how ſhould I, alas! relate
The Sum of all their Senſeleſs Prate,
Their Inuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
Their Meanings lewd, and double Entendres,
Now comes the general Scandal Charge,
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, Madam, if it be a Lye,
"You have the Tale as cheap as I:
"I muſt conceal my Author's Name,
"But now 'tis known to common Fame.

Say, fooliſh Females, old and blind,
Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,
Are you on Vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt Share?
Thus every Fool her ſelf deludes;
The Prudes condemn the abſent Prudes;
Mopſa, who ſtinks her Spouſe to Death,
Accuſes *Chloe*'s tainted Breath;
Hircina rank with Sweat, preſumes
To cenſure *Phillis* for Perfumes;
While crooked *Cynthia* ſwearing ſays,
That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays;
Chloe's of every Coxcomb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
And full of Indignation frets
That Women ſhould be ſuch Coquets:
Iris, for Scandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the World is ſo cenſorious!

And

And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
Whiſpers that *Sappho*'s Hair is red:
Aura, whoſe Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
Talks half a Day in Praiſe of Silence;
And *Sylvia* full of inward Guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now Voices over Voices riſe;
While each to be the loudeſt vies,
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle Tongue one Moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very Lap-Dog barking;
Their Chattering makes a lowder Din
Than Fiſh-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin:
Not School boys at a Barring-out,
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant Rout:
The Jumbling Particles of Matter
In Chaos make not ſuch a Clatter:
Far leſs the Rabble roar and rail,
When Drunk with four Election Ale.

Nor do they truſt their Tongue alone,
To ſpeak a Language of their own;
But read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a printed Book;
Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down;

Or by the toſſing of the Fan,
Deſcribe the Lady and the Man.

But, ſee the Female Club diſbands,
Each, twenty Viſits on her Hands:
Now all alone poor Madam ſits,
In Vapours and Hyſterick Fits:
" And was not *Tom* this Morning ſent;
" I'd lay my Life he never went:
" Paſt Six, and not a living Soul!
" I might by this have won a Vole."
A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
How ſhall we paſs the Time between?
" Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
" And feel my Pulſe, I know it ſtops:
" This Head of mine, Lord, how it ſwims!
" And ſuch a Pain in all my Limbs!
Dear Madam, try to take a Nap ——
But now they hear a Foot-Man's Rap:
" Go run, and Light the Ladies up:
" It muſt be One before we Sup.

The Table, Cards, and Counters ſet,
And all the Gameſter-Ladies met,
Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can ſit up all Night;
" Whoever comes I'm not within ——
Quadrill's the Word, and ſo begin.

How

How can the Muſe her Aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the Terms of Art!
Or in harmonious Numbers put
The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?
All the ſuperfluous Whims relate,
That fill a Female Gameſter's Pate;
What Agony of Soul ſhe feels,
To ſee a Knave's inverted Heels:
She draws up Card by Card, to find
Good Fortune peeping from behind;
With panting Heart, and earneſt Eyes,
In hope to ſee *Spadillo* riſe;
In vain, alas! her Hope is fed;
She draws an Ace, and ſees it red,
In ready Counters never pays,
But pawns her Snuff-box, Rings, and Keys,
Ever with ſome new Fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
" This Morning when the *Parſon* came,
" I ſaid I ſhould not win a Game.
" This odious Chair how came I ſtuck in't,
" I think I never had good Luck in't.
" I'm ſo uneaſy in my Stays;
" Your Fan a Moment, if you pleaſe.
" Stand further Girl, or get you gone,
" I always loſe when you look on.
Lord, Madam, you have loſt Codill:
I never ſaw you play ſo ill.

" Nay,

" Nay, Madam, give me leave to ſay
" 'Twas you that threw the Game away;
" When Lady *Trickſy* play'd at Four
" You took it with a Matadore;
" I ſaw you touch your Wedding-Ring
" Before my Lady call'd a King.
" You ſpoke a Word began with H,
" And I know whom you meant to tempt.
" Becauſe you held the King of Hearts;
" Fie, Madam, leave theſe little Arts.
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
And makes her Part'ner underſtand
A Matadore is in her Hand.
" Madam, you have no Cauſe to flounce,
" I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce.
And truly, Madam, I know when
Inſtead of Five you ſcor'd me Ten.
Spadillo here has got a Mark,
A Child may know it in the Dark:
I gueſs the Hand, it ſeldom fails,
I wiſh ſome Folks would pair their Nails.

While thus they rail, and ſcold and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common Form;
Moſt conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their Due;
It never interrupts the Game,
Or makes 'em ſenſible of Shame.

The Time too precious now to waſte,
And Supper gobbled up in haſte,
Again a-freſh to Cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
Yet ſhall I not again repeat
How oft they Squabble, Snarl and Cheat;
At laſt they hear the Watchman knock,
A Froſty Morn — Paſt Four a-Clock!
The Chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the t'other Round.

Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone;
But firſt the Winner muſt invite
The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
(Who now again *Quadrill* forſwears)
With empty Purſe, and aching Head,
Steels to her ſleeping Spouſe to Bed.

The COUNTRY LIFE.

THALIA tell, in ſober Lays,
How *George, Nim, Dun, Dean* paſs their Days,
Begin, my Muſe. First from our Bow'rs
We iſſue forth at diff'rent Hours;

At ſeven, the *Dean* in Night-gown dreſt,
Goes round the Houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine, grave *Nim* and *George* facetious
Go to the *Dean* to read *Lucretius*;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes *George*, and ends our Lectures,
And when ſhe has him by the Neck ſafe,
Hauls him, and ſcolds us down to Break faſt.
We ſquander there an Hour or more,
And then all Hands, Boys, to the Oar,
All, Heteroclit *Dan* except,
Who neither Time, nor Order kept,
But by peculiar Whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the Ponds to look for Spawn.
O'erſees the Work, or *Dragon** rows,
Or ſpoils a Text, or mends his Hoſe;
Or —— but proceed we in our Journal ——
At two, or after, we return all.
From the four Elements aſſembling,
Warn'd by the Bell, all Folks come trembling;
From airy Garrets ſome deſcend,
Some from the Lake's remoteſt End:
My Lord and Dean the Fire forſake,
Dan leaves the Earthly Spade and Rake:
The Loit'rers quake, no Cornet hides them,
And Lady *Betty* ſoundly chides them.

---

* *My Lord's Boat.*

Now Water's brought and Dinner's done:
With Church and King the Lady's gone:
(Not reck'ning half an Hour we paſs
In talking o'er a moderate Glaſs.)
Dan growing drowſy, like a Thief,
Steals off to doſe away his Beef,
And this muſt paſs for reading *Hammond* ——
While *George* and *Dean* go to Back-Gammon.
George, *Nim*, and *Dean* ſet out at four,
And then again, Boys, to the Oar.
But when the Sun goes to the Deep,
(Not to diſturb him in his Sleep,
Or make a Rumbling o'er his Head,
His Candle out, and He a-bed)
We watch his Motions to a Minute,
And leave the Flood, when he goes in it.
Now ſtinted in the ſhorning Day,
We go to Pray'rs, and then to play:
Till Supper comes, and after that,
We ſit an Hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late —— the old and younger Pairs,
By * *Adam* lighted, walks up Stairs.
The weary *Dean* goes to his Chamber,
And *Nim* and *Dan* to Garret clamber.
So when the Circle we have run,
The Curtain falls, and we have done.

---

* The Footman.

I might

I might have mention'd ſev'ral Facts,
Like Epiſodes between the Acts;
And tell who loſes, and who wins,
Who gets a Cold, who breaks his Shins;
How *Dan* caught nothing in his Net,
And how the Boat was over-ſet;
For Brevity I have retrench'd
How in the Lake the *Dean* was drench'd:
It would be an Exploit to brag on,
How valiant *George* rode o'er the *Dragon*,
How ſteddy in the Stern he ſat,
And ſav'd his Oar, but loſt his Hat:
How *Nim* (no Hunter e'er could match him,)
Still brings us Hares when he can catch 'em:
How ſkilfully *Dan* mends his Nets;
How Fortune fails him when he ſets.
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The Ladies, or lampoon the Sex;
Or how our Neighbour lifts his Noſe
To tell what ev'ry School-boy knows,
Then with his Finger on his Thumb
Explaining, ſtrikes Oppoſures dumb:
Or how his Wife, that Female Pedant,
(But now their need no more be ſaid on't.)
Shews all her Secrets of Houſe-keeping;
For Candles how ſhe trucks her Dripping;
Was forc'd to ſend three Miles for Yeſt
To brew her Ale, and raiſe her Paſte;

Tells ev'ry thing that you can think of,
How she cur'd *Tommy* of the Chin-cough;
What gave her Brats and Pigs the Measles,
And how her Doves were kill'd by Wheezles;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a Fright
She had with Dreams the other Night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
A Word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
And tell how little Weight he sets,
On all *Whig* Papers, and *Gazetts*;
But for the Politicks of *Rue**
Thinks ev'ry Syllable is true,
And since he owns the King of *Sweden*,
Is dead at last without evading,
Now all his Hopes are in the *Czar*;
" Why, *Muscovy* is not so far,
" Down the Black Sea and up the Streights,
And in a Month he's at you Gates;
" Perhaps from what the Packet brings
" By *Christmas* we shall see strange things."
Why should I tell of Ponds and Drains,
What Carps we met with for our Pains;
Of Sparrows tam'd, and Nuts innumerable
To choak the Girls, and to consume a Rabble.
But you, who are a Scholar, know
How transient are all things below,

* A News-Writer.

How

How prone to change is human Life!
Laſt Night arriv'd *Clem.* and his Wife ——
This grand Event half broke our Meaſures;
Their Reign begin with cruel Seizures;
The *Dean* muſt with his Quilt ſupply
The Bed in which theſe Tyrants lie;
Nim loſt his Wig-Block, *Dan* his *Jordan*,
(My Lady ſays ſhe can't afford one)
George is half ſcar'd out of his Wits,
For *Clem.* gets all the dainty Bits.
Henceforth expect a diff'rent Survey,
This Houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvy.
They talk of further Alterations,
Which cauſes many Speculations.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and Swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
Who wont to weed the Court of *Gerfor* Knight,
While each with ſtubbed Knife remov'd the Roots
That rais'd between the Stones their daily Shoots;
As at their Work they ſat in counterview,
With mutual Beauty ſmit, their Paſſion grew.
Sing heavenly Muſe in ſweetly flowing Strain,
The ſoft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain.

DERMOT.

My Love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest Weeds that grow these Stones betwixt:
My Spud these Nettles from the Stones can part,
No Knife so keen to weed thee from my Heart.

SHEELAH.

My Love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows
Than yon tall Dock that rises to thy Nose,
Cut down the Dock, 'twill sprout again, but O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that Bry'r thy tender Legs shall rake
(I spare the Thistle for Sir *Arthur*'s Sake.)
Sharp are the Stones, take thou this rushy Matt;
The hardest Bum will bruize with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy Breeches torn behind, stand gaping wide,
This Petticoat shall save thy dear Back-side;
Nor need I blush, although you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DER-

DERMOT.

At an old ſtubborn Root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this Tobacco Plug:
A longer half-'porth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt *Sheelah*, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the Pantry door this Morn I ſlipt,
And from the Shelf a charming Cruſt I whipt;
Dennis was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my Dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you ſaw *Tady* at long bullets play,
You ſat and lows'd him all the Sunſhine Day.
How could you *Sheelah*, liſten to his Tales,
Or crack ſuch Lice as his between your Nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with *Oonah* ſtood behind a Ditch,
I peep'd and ſaw you kiſs the dirty Bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch thoſe naſty Sluts!
I almoſt wiſh'd this Spud were in your Guts.

DER-

DERMOT.

If *Oonah* once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide:
Her Aunt's my Goſſip by my Father's Side:
But, if I ever touch her Lips again,
May I be doom'd for Life to weed in Rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I ſwear, tho' *Tady*'s Locks could hold
Ten thouſand Lice, and ev'ry Louſe was Gold,
Him on my Lap you never more ſhould ſee;
Or may I loſe my Weeding-knife —— and Thee.

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely Laſs,
A Pair of Brogues to bear thee dry to Maſs!
But ſee, where *Norah* with the Sowins comes ——
Then let us riſe and reſt our weary Bums.

Mary

Mary *the Cook-Maid's* LETTER *to* *Dr.* Sheridan.

WELL; if ever I ſaw ſuch another Man ſince my Mother bound my head,
You a Gentleman! mary come up, I wonder where you were bred?
I am ſure ſuch Words do not become a Man of your Cloth,
I would not give ſuch Language to a Dog, faith and troth.
Yes; you call'd my Maſter a Knave: Fie Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis a Shame
For a Parſon, who ſhou'd know better Things, to come out with ſuch a Name.
Knave in your Teeth, Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis both a Shame and a Sin,
And the Dean my Maſter is an honeſter Man than you and all your Kin:
He has more Goodneſs in his little Finger, than you have in your whole Body,
My Maſter is a parſonable Man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now whereby I find you would fain make an Excuſe,
Becauſe my Maſter one Day in Anger call'd you Gooſe.

Which,

Which, and I am ſure I have been his Servant four Years ſince *October*.
And he never call'd me worſe than Sweetheart drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to my Knowledge,
Tho' you and your Come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your Colledge.
You ſay you will eat Graſs on his Grave: a Chriſtian eat Graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a Gooſe or an Aſs:
But that's as much as to ſay, that my Maſter ſhould die before ye,
Well, well, that's as God pleaſes, and I don't believe that's a true Story,
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go tell my Maſter; what care I;
And I don't care who knows it, 'tis all one to *Mary*.
Every body knows, that I love to tell Truth and ſhame the Devil,
I am but a poor Servant, but I think Gentlefolks ſhovld be civil.
Beſides you found fault with our Vittles one Day that you was here,
I remember it was on a *Tueſday* of all Days in the Year. And

And *Saunders* the Man ſays, you are always jeſting and mocking,
Mary ſaid he (one Day, as I was mending my Maſter's Stocking,)
My Maſter is ſo fond of that Miniſter that keeps the School,
I thought my Maſter a wiſe Man, but that Man makes him a Fool.
Saunders ſaid I, I would rather than a Quart of Ale,
He would come into our Kitchen, and I would pin a Diſh-clout to his Tail.
And now I muſt go, and get *Saunders* to direct this Letter,
For I write but a ſad Scrawl, but my Siſter *Marget* ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the Bed before my Maſter comes from Pray'rs, ——
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming up Stairs:
Whereof I cou'd ſay more to your Verſes, if I cou'd write written hand,
And ſo I remain in a civil way, your Servant to command, ——

Mary.

A DIALOGUE *between Mad* Mullinix *and* Timothy.

M. I Own 'tis not my Bread and Butter,
But prithee Sir, why all this Clutter?
Why ever in these raging Fits,
Damning to Hell the *Jacobites*?
When, if you search the Kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *Priests* and *Fryers*.

T. 'Twixt you and me, G— Damn the Lyars.

M. The *Tories* are gone ev'ry Man over
To our illustrious House of *Hanover*;
From all their Conduct this is plain;
And then ——

T. G— Damn the Lyars again.
Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his Throat)
Our whole Accounts of publick Debts?

M. Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets! [*aside.*]

T. Did not an able Statesman B——
This dang'rous horrid Motion dish-up
As *Popish* Craft? Did he not rail on't?
Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?
Proving the Earl a grand Offender,
And in a Plot for the *Pretender*?

Whose

Whose Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon*.
These brangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,
Are stale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story*;
The Wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your Faction, when their Game was new,
Might want such noisy Fools as you;
But you, when all the Show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like *Martin Marral*, gaping on,
Not minding when the Song is done.
When all the *Bees* are gone to settle,
You clatter still your Brazen Kettle.
The Leaders whom you lifted under,
Have dropt their Arms and seiz'd the Plunder,
And when the War is past, you come
To rattle in their Ears your Drum:
And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Therſites (he was your Relation)
Was more abhor'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his Foes;
So thou art grown the Detestation
Of all thy Party through the Nation;
Thy peevish and perpetual Teazing,
With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treason;
Thy busy, never-meaning Face,
Thy screw'd-up Front, thy State-grimace.

Thy

Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,
Thy Whiſp'rings ſoiſted in all Ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But Nonſenſe wrapt up in a ſtink)
Have made thy Preſence, in a true Senſe,
To thy own Side ſo damn'd a Nuiſance,
That when they have you in their Eye,
As if the Devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend *Mullinix* forbear,
I vow to G— you're too ſevere;
If it could ever yet be known,
I took Advice, except my own,
It ſhou'd be yours: But D— my Blood,
I muſt purſue the publick Good:
The Faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the Memory of *Glorious*.
'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* Friends are grown ſo cold,
That ſcarce a Creature can be found,
To prance with me his Statue round.
The publick Safety, I foreſee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital Breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe and rail,
The *Tories* Terror, Scourge and Flail.

M. Tim, you Miſtake the Matter quite,
The Tories! you are their *Delight*;

And

And ſhould you act a different Part,
Be grave and wiſe —— 'twou'd break their Heart.
Why, *Tim*, you have a Taſte I know,
And often ſee a *Puppet-ſhow*;
Obſerve, the Audience is in Pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene;
But when they hear his ruſty Voice,
With what Impatience they rejoyce!
And then they value not two Straws,
How *Solomon* decides the Cauſe,
Which the true Mother, which *Pretender*;
Nor liſten to the Witch of *Endor*:
Shou'd *Fauſtus* with the Devil behind him,
Enter the Stage they never mind him;
If *Punch*, to ſpur their Fancy, ſhows
In at the Door his monſtrous Noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a Pleaſure mixt with Pain!
You ev'ry Moment think an Age,
'Till he appears upon the Stage:
And firſt his Bum you ſee him clap
Upon the Queen of *Sheba*'s Lap;
The Duke of *Lorrain* drew his Sword,
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all People in his Jargon,
And ſold the King of *Spain* a Bargain;
St. *George* himſelf he plays the Wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the *Dragon*;

He gets a thouſand Thumps and Kicks,
Yet cannot leave his Roguiſh Tricks;
In ev'ry Action thruſts his Noſe,
The Reaſon why, no Mortal knows;
In doleful Scenes that break our Heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a F—t.
There's not a Puppet made of Wood,
But what wou'd hang him if they could:
While teazing all, by all he's teas'd,
How well are the Spectator's pleas'd!
Who in the Motion have no Share,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no concern for *Sabra*'s Sake,
Which gets the better, Saint or Shake,
Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jeſt)
Be ſoundly mawl'd, and plague the reſt.

Thus, *Tim*, Philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The World conſiſts of Puppet-ſhows;
Where petulant conceited Fellows
Perform the Part of *Punchinelloes*;
So at this Booth which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to ſtir up Trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a Rout,
Put all your Brother Puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual Round,
To teaze, perplex, diſturb, confound,
Intrude with Monkey Grin and Chatter,
To interrupt all ſerious Matter,

Are grown the Nuiſance of your *Clan*,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a Man;
But then, the Lookers-on, the *Tories*,
You ſtill divert with merry Stories;
They wou'd conſent, that all the Crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,
By all this Coyl what haſt thou got?
If *Tories* muſt have all the Sport,
I fear you'll be diſgrac'd at *Court*.

T. Got? D——— my Blood, *I frank my Letters*,
Walk by my Place before my Betters,
And ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in Time to be a P———.
Got? D——me, why I got my Will!
Ne'er hold my Peace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill;
I f——t with twenty Ladies by;
They call me Beaſt, and what care I?
I bravely call the *Tories*, *Jacks*,
And Sons of Whores —— behind their Backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile, and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal Zeal,
To ſerve my ſelf and Common-weal,
And fret the *Tories* Souls to Death,
I did but loſe my precious Breath,

And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;
Conſume my Vitals! they ſhall know,
I am not to be treated ſo;
I'd rather hang my ſelf by half,
Than give thoſe Raſcals Cauſe to laugh.
But how, my Friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little Boys and Girls to cry
There's nimble Tim *a paſſing by.*
No more my dear delightful Way tread,
Of keeping up a *Party-Hatred*,
Will none the *Tory-Dogs* purſue,
When thro' the Streets I cry *Hallooe?*
Muſt all my D—mee's, Bloods, and Wounds,
Paſs only now for empty Sounds?
Shall *Tory* Raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And when I roar, *a Plot, a Plot,*
Will our own Party mind me not?
So qualified to ſwear and lye,
Will they not truſt me for a *Spy?*
Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice
I beg, you ſee the Caſe is nice:
O, were I equal in Renown,
Like thee, to pleaſe this thankleſs Town!
Or bleſt with ſuch engaging Parts,
To win the truant School-boys Hearts!

Thy

Thy Virtues meet their juſt Reward,
Attended by the *Sable Guard*.
Charm'd by thy Voice the *'Prentice* drops
The Snow-ball deſtin'd at thy Chops.
Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nel's Air,
Allure the *Cinder-picking Fair*.

M. No more —— In Mark of true Affection,
I take thee under my Protection:
Thy Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my Counſel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your Habit to your Phyz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As *Horace* ſays, *optat Ephippia*:
(There's *Latin* too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by Dr. ——————)
I have a Coat at home, that you-may-try,
'Tis juſt like this, which hangs by Geometry.
My Hat has much the nicer Air,
Your Block will fit it to a Hair;
That Wig, I would not for the World
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd,
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek
When I have lain in it a Week!
You'll find it well prepar'd, to take
The Figure of *Toupee* or *Snake*.
Thus dreſs'd alike from Top to Toe,
That which is which 'tis hard know,

When first in Publick we appear,
I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear;
Be careful as you walk behind,
Uſe all the Talents of your Mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly Motion, Mien and Gate;
Mark my Addreſs, and learn my Stile,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile,
Nor ſputter out your Oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your Swearing to the laſt.
Then at your Leiſure we'll be witty,
And in the Streets divert the City:
The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
The Children all our Motions aping,
Your Converſation to refine,
I'll take you to ſome friends of mine,
Choice Spirits, who employ their Parts,
To mend the World by uſeful Arts;
Some cleanſing hollow Tubes, to ſpy
Direct the Zenith of the Sky;
Some have the City in their Care,
From noxious Steams to purge the Air;
Some teach us in theſe dang'rous Days,
How to walk upright in our Ways;
Some, whoſe reforming Hands engage,
To laſh the Lewdneſs of the Age;
Some for the publick Service go,
Perpetual Envoys to and fro;

Whoſe

Whoſe able Heads ſupport the Weight
Of twenty M———rs of State:
We ſcorn, for want of Talk, to jabber
Of Parties o'er our *Bonny-Clabber*:
Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who Votes for Manours, who for Hire;
Our Care is to improve the Mind,
With what concerns all human Kind;
The various Scenes of mortal Life,
Who beats her Huſband, who his Wife;
Or how the Bully at a Stroke
Knock'd down the Boy, the Lanthorn broke.
One tells the riſe of Cheeſe and Oatmeal,
Another when he got a hot Meal;
One gives Advice in Proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a Scold;
Or how by *Almanacks* 'tis clear,
That Herrings will be cheap this Year.

T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament,
My precious Time ſo long miſpent,
By Nature meant for nobler Ends,
O, introduce me to your Friends!
For whom, by Birth, I was deſign'd,
'Till Politicks debas'd my Mind:
I give my ſelf intire to you,
G—d— the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.

*EPITAPH.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRA——S CH——IS,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In Spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMANE VICE:
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY.
His Insatiable AVARICE exempted him from
The first,
His Matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating
Pravity of his Manners, than successful in
Accumulating WEALTH.

For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
He acquired, or more properly Created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,
Who cou'd CHEAT without the Mask of
HONESTY,

Retain

Retain his Primæval MEANNESS when poſſeſs'd of
TEN THOUSAND YEARS; *
And having daily deſerv'd the GIBBET for what
he *did*,
Was at laſt condemn'd to it for what he *could*
not *do*.

Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life Uſeleſs to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable
Deſigns,
To give to After-AGES a conſpicuous PROOF and
EXAMPLE
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is EXORBITANT
WEALTH in the Sight of GOD, by his be-
ſtowing it on the moſt UNWORTHY of ALL
MORTALS.

---

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula —— cætera norunt*
Et Tagus & Ganges —— forſan & Antipodes.

Apply'd to F. C.

HERE *Francis Ch—s* lies —— Be civil!
The reſt God knows — perhaps the Devil.

EPI-

*EPIGRAM.

PEter complains, that God has given
To his poor Babe a Life so short:
Consider *Peter*, he's in Heaven;
'Tis good to have a Friend at Court.

---

*Another.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's no body at home.

---

*EPITAPH [*of By-Words.*]

HERE lies a round Woman, who thought *mighty odd*,
Every Word she e'er heard in this Church about God.
To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her Heart she held *Nature* more *clever*.
Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her Head always run
Upon something or other, she found better *Fun*,

For

For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs Aſtronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the Clouds but was *comical.*
In this World, ſhe deſpis'd every Soul ſhe met here,
And now ſhe's in t'other, ſhe thinks it but *Quiet.*

EPIGRAM.

On ſeeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the Time of Divine Service, *to wait on his Grace the D. of* D——

LORD *Pam* in the Church (cou'd you think it) kneel'd down,
When told the Lieutenant was juſt come to Town,
His *Station* deſpiſing, unaw'd by the *Place,*
He flies from his *God,* to attend on his *Grace:*
To the *Court* it was fitter to pay his *Devotion,*
Since *God* had no Hand in his Lordſhip's *Promotion.*

*EPIGRAM *from the* FRENCH.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral Rule
That every Poet is a Fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every Fool is not a Poet.

---

*EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G—— lies under Ground!
So there's an End of honest *Jack*.
So little Justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

---

*EPIGRAM

On the Toasts of the Kit-Cat Club,

Anno 1716.

WHence deathless *Kit-Cat* took its Name,
Few Criticks can unriddle;
Some say from *Pastry-Cook* it came,
And some from *Cat* and *Fiddle*;
From no trim Beaus' its Name it boasts,
Grey Statesman, or Green Wits;
But from this Pell-mell-Pack of Toasts,
Of old *Cats* and young *Kits*.

---

*To a LADY with the Temple of Fame.

WHAT's Fame with Men, by Custom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother;
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

VER-

*VERSES

To be placed under the Picture of England's Arch-Poet: *Containing a compleat Catalogue of his Works.*

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read!
Who first sung 1 *Arthur*, then sung 2 *Alfred*,
Prais'd great 3 *Eliza* in God's Anger,
'Till all true *Englishmen* cry'd, hang her!
Made *William*'s Virtues wipe the base A——
And hang up *Malborough* in 4 *Arras*:
Then hiss'd from Earth, grew Heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry Reader curse the 5 *Light*;
Maul'd human *Wit* in one thick 6 Satyr.
Next in three Books, sent 7 human *Nature*,
Un-did 8 *Creation* at a Jerk,
And of 9 *Redemption* made damn'd Work.

---

1 Two Heroick Poems in Folio, twenty Books.
2 Heroick Poems in twelve Books.
3 Heroick Poems in Folio, ten Books.
4 Instructions to *Vanderbank* a Tapestry-Weaver.
5 Hymn to the Light.
6 Satyr against *Wit*.
7 Of the *Nature* of Man.
8 *Creation*, a Poem in seven Books.
9 The *Redeemer*, another Heroick Poem in six Books.

Then

Then took his Muſe at once, and dipt her
Full in the Middle of the Scripture.
What Wonders there the Man grown old, did?
Sternhold himſelf he *out-Sternholded*,
Made 10 *David* ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought King *Achiz.*
No Mortal read his 11 *Salomon*,
But judg'd *Roboam* his own Son.
Moſes 12 he ſerv'd as *Moſes Pharaoh*,
And *Deborah*, as She *Siſe rah*:
Made 13 *Jeremy* full ſore to cry,
And 14 *Job* himſelf curſe God and die.

What Puniſhment all this muſt follow?
Shall *Arthur* uſe him like King *Tollo*?
Shall *David* as *Uriah* slay him?
Or dext'rous *Deb'rah Siſera*-him?
Or ſhall *Eliza* lay a Plot,
To treat him like her Siſter *Scot*?
Shall *William* dub his better End,*
Or *Marlb'rough* ſerve him like a Friend?

10 Tranſlation of all the *Pſalms*.
11 *Canticles* and *Eccleſiaſt*.
12 Paraphraſe of the Canticles of *Moſes* and *Deborah*, &c.
13 The *Lamentations*.
14 The whole Book of *Job*, a Poem in *Folio*.
* Kick him on the Breech, not Knight him on the Shoulder.

No,

No, none of these —— Heav'n ſpare his Life!
But ſend him, honeſt *Job*, thy *Wife*.

Dr. Sw—— *to Mr.* P——E,

While he was writing the Dunciad.

POPE has the Talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the Ear:
His loudeſt Voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent Studies chuſe,
The *Dean* ſits plodding on a Book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muſe.

Now Backs of Letters, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with Hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

Each Atom by ſome other ſtruck,
All Turns and Motion tries:
Till in a Lump together ſtuck,
Behold a *Poem* riſe!

Yet

Yet to the *Dean* his Share allot;
He claims it by a Canon;
That, without which a Thing is not
Is, *cauſa ſine quâ non.*

Thus, *Pope*, in vain you boaſt your Wit;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your Converſation fit,
You had not writ a Line.

Of Prelate thus, for preaching tam'd,
The Sexton reaſon'd well,
And juſtly half the Merit claim'd
Becauſe he *rang the Bell.*

BOUNCE *to* FOP.

An Epiſtle from a Dog at *Twickenham* to a Dog at Court.

TO thee ſweet Fop, theſe Lines I ſend,
Who, tho' no Spaniel, am a Friend.
Tho', once my Tail in wanton Play,
Now friſking this and then that way,

Chanc'd, with a Touch of just the Tip,
To hurt your Lady-lap-dog-ſhip;
Yet thence to think I'd bite your Head off!
Sure *Bounce* is one you never read of.

FOP! you can dance, and make a Leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
And (what's the Top of all your Tricks)
Can ſtoop to pick up *Strings* and *Sticks*.
We Country Dogs love nobler Sport,
And ſcorn the Pranks of Dogs at Court.
Fye, naughty Fop! whene'er you come
To ſ—t and p—ſs about the Room,
To lay your Head in every Lap,
And, when they think not of you — ſnap!
The worſt that Envy, or that Spite
E'er ſaid of me, is, I can bite:
That idle Gypſies, Rogues in Rags,
Who poke at me, can make no Brags:
And that to towze ſuch Things as *flutter*,
To honeſt *Bounce* is Bread and Butter.

While you, and every courtly Fop,
Fawn on the Devil for a Chop,
I've the Humanity to hate
A Butcher, tho' he brings me Meat;
And let me tell you, have a Noſe,
(Whatever ſtinking Fops ſuppoſe)
That under Cloth of Gold or Tiſſue,
Can ſmell a Plaiſter, or an Iſſue.

Your

Your pilf'ring Lord, with ſimple Pride,
May wear a Padlock at his Side;
My Maſter wants no Key of State,
For *Bounce* can keep his Houſe and Gate.

When all ſuch Dogs have had their Days,
As knaviſh *Pugs*, and ſnarling *Trays*,
When pamper'd *Cupids*, beaſtly *Venus*,
And motly, ſquinting *Harlequini*'s,*
Shall lick no more their Lady's Bum,
But die of Looſeneſs, Claps, or Itch;
Fair *Thames* from either echoing Shore
Shall hear and dread my manly Roar.

See *Bounce*, like *Berecynthia*, crown'd
With thund'ring Offspring all around,
Beneath, beſide me, and a top,
A hundred Sons! and not one *Fop*.

Before my Children ſet your Beef,
Not one true *Bounce* will be a Thief;
Not one without Permillion feed,
(Tho' ſome of *Jove*'s hungry Breed)
But whatſoe'er the Father's Race,
From me they ſuck a little Grace.
While your fine Whelps learn all to ſteal,
Bred up by Hand on Chick and Veal.

* Alii legunt *Harvequini*'s.

My Eldeſt-born reſides not far,
Where ſhines great *Strafford*'s glittering Star:
My ſecond (Child of Fortune!) waits
At *Burlington*'s Palladian Gates:
A third majeſtically ſtalks
(Happieſt of Dogs!) in *Cobham*'s Walks:
One uſhers Friends to *Bathurſt*'s Door,
One fawns, at *Oxford*'s, on the Poor.

Nobles, whom Arms or Arts adorn,
Wait for my Infants yet unborn.
None but a Peer of Wit and Grace,
Can hope a Puppy of my Race.

And O! would Fate the Bliſs decree
To mine (a Bliſs too great for me)
That two, my talleſt Sons, might grace
Attending each with ſtately Pace,
Iulus's Side, as erſt *Evander*'s,*
To keep off Flatt'rers, Spies, and Panders,
To let no noble Slave come near,
And ſcare Lord *Fanny* from his Ear:
Then might a royal Youth, and true,
Enjoy at leaſt a Friend —— or two:
A Treaſure, which, of Royal Kind,
Few but himſelf deſerve to find.

* Virg. Æn. 8.

Then

Then *Bounce* ('tis all that *Bounce* can crave)
Shall wag her Tail within the Grave.

On the Countess of B—— cutting Paper.

Pallas grew vap'rish once and odd,
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for Goddess or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and "Use (he cry'd) those Eyes
"So skilful, and those Hands so taper;
"Do something exquisite, and wise ——
She bow'd, obey'd him and cut Paper.

This vexing him who gave her Birth,
Thought by all Heav'n a burning Shame,
What does she next, but bids on Earth
Her *B—l—n* do just the same.

Pallas you give yourself strange Airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The Sense and Taste of one that bears
The Name of *Savil* and of *Boyle*.

Alas! one bad Example shewn,
How quickly all the Sex pursue!
See Madam! see, the Arts o'erthrown,
Between *John Overton* and *You.*

---

* *On a certain Lady at Court.*

I Know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

To Doctor D——L——Y *on the* Libels *writ againſt him.*

AS ſome raw Youth in Country bred,
To Arms by Thirſt of Honour led,
When at a Skirmiſh firſt he hears
The Bullets whiſtling round his Ears,
Will duck his Head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his Heart:
Till, 'ſcaping off' without a Wound,
Leſſens the Terror of the Sound:
Fly Bullets now as thick as Hops,
He runs into a Cannon's Chops.
An Author thus who pants for Fame
Begins the World with Fear and Shame,
When firſt in Print, you ſee him dread
Each Pot-gun level'd at his Head:
The Lead yon Critick's Quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his Brains.
As if he heard loud Thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have Mercy on his Soul,
Concluding, that another Shot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the Spot.

But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one Creature dropping;

That, miſſing Fire, or miſſing Aim,
His Life is ſafe, I mean his Fame,
The Danger paſt, takes Heart of Grace,
And looks a Critick in the Face.

Though Splendor gives the faireſt Mark
To poiſon'd Arrows from the Dark,
Yet, * *in your ſelf when ſmooth and round,*
They glance aſide without a Wound.

'Tis ſaid, the Gods try'd all their Art,
How, *Pain* they might from *Pleaſure* part;
But little could their Strength avail,
Both ſtill are faſt'ned by the Tail.
Thus, *Fame* and *Cenſure* with a Tether
By Fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd,
In Wit before the common Herd?
And yet grow mortify'd and vext,
To pay the Penalty annext.

'Tis Eminence makes Envy riſe,
As faireſt Fruits attract the Flyes.
Shou'd ſtupid Libels grieve your Mind,
You ſoon a Remedy may find:

* In ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus.

Lie down obſcure like other Folks
Below the Laſh of Snarler's Jokes.
Their Faction is five-hundred odds,
For, ev'ry Coxcomb lends them Rods:
And ſneers as learnedly as they,
Like Females o'er their Morning Tea.

You ſay, the Muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a Vein:
Then, if you find the Terms too hard,
No longer my Advice regard:
But raiſe your Fancy on the Wing;
The *Iriſh Senate*'s Praiſes ſing:
How jealous of the Nation's Freedom,
And, for Corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the Publick Good purſues,
How far their Hearts from private Views;
Make all true Patriots up to Shoe-boys
Huzza their Brethren at the *Blue-boys*.
And dread no more the Rage of Grub;
You then may ſoon be of the Club.

How oft' am I for Rhime to ſeek?
To dreſs a Thought, I toyl a Week:
And then, how thankful to the Town,
If all my Pains will earn a Crown.
Whilſt, ev'ry Critick can devour
My Work and me in half an Hour.

Would

Would Men of Genius ceaſe to write,
The Rogues muſt die for Want of Spight,
Muſt die for want of Food and Rayment,
If Scandal did not find them Payment.
How chearfully the Hawkers cry,
A Satire, and the Gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd Poem pines
Unſold upon the Printer's Lines.

A *Genius* in the Rev'rend Gown
Muſt ever keep its Owner down;
'Tis an unnatural Conjunction,
And ſpoils the Credit of the Function.
Round all your Brethren caſt your Eyes;
Point out the ſureſt Men to riſe;
That Club of Candidates in Black,
The leaſt deſerving of the Pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce and loud,
With Grace and Learning unendow'd.
Will ſooner coin a Thouſand Lyes
Than ſuffer Men of Parts to riſe:
They croud about Preferment's Gate,
And preſs you down with all their Weight.
For, as of old, Mathematicians
Were by the Vulgar thought Magicians;
So Academick dull Ale-drinkers
Pronounce all Men of Wit, Free-thinkers.

Wit, as the chief of Virtue's Friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble Ends.
Obſerve what Loads of ſtupid Rhimes
Oppreſs us in corrupted Times:
What Pamphlets in a Court's Defence
Shew Reaſon, Grammar, Truth, or Senſe?
For, though the Muſe delights in Fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt Conviction.
Then keep your Virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let not Faction come betwixt.
By Party Steps no Grandeur clime at,
Tho' it would make you *England*'s Primate:
Firſt learn the Science to be dull,
You then may ſoon your Conſcience lull;
If not, however ſeated high,
Your Genius in your Face will fly.

When *Jove* was, from his teeming Head,
Of Wits fair Goddeſs brought to Bed,
There follow'd at his Lying-in
For After-birth a *Soaterkin*;
Which, as the Nurſe purſu'd to kill,
Attain'd by Flight the Muſe's Hill;
There in the Soil began to root,
And litter'd at *Parnaſſus*' Foot.
From hence the Critick Vermin ſprung
With Harpy Claws and Pois'nous Tongue.
Who fatten on Poetick Scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in Traps.

Dame

Dame Nature, as the Learned ſhow,
Provides each Animal its Foe:
Hounds hunts the Hare, the wily Fox
Devours your Geeſe, the Wolf your Flocks;
Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral Claim
To perſecute the Muſes Fame;
On Poets in all Times abuſive,
From *Homer* down to *Pope* incluſive.

Yet, what avails it to complain?
You try to take Revenge in vain.
A Rat your utmoſt Rage defies
That ſafe behind the Wainſcot lies:
Say, did you ever know by Sight
In Cheeſe an individual Mite?
Shew me the ſame numerick Flea,
That bit your Neck but yeſterday.
You then may boldly go in Queſt
To find the Grubſtreet Poet's Neſt.
What Spunging-Houſe in dread of Jayl
Receives them while they wait for Bayl:
What Ally they are neſtled in,
To flouriſh o'er a Cup of Gin:
Find the laſt Garret where they lay,
Or Cellar, where they ſtarve to Day.
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd
With each a Libel in his Hand,
What Puniſhment would you inflict?
Or call 'em Rogues or get 'em kickt?

Theſe they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em ſo much more:
Themſelves would be the firſt to tell,
To make their Traſh the better ſell.

You have been Libel'd —— Let us know
What ſenſeleſs Coxcomb told you ſo.
Will you regard the Hawker's Cryes
Who in his Titles always lyes?
Whate'er the noiſy Scoundrel ſays
It might be ſomething in your Praiſe:
And, Praiſe beſtow'd in *Grubſtreet* Rhimes,
Would vex one more a thouſand Times.
Till Blockheads blame, and Judges praiſe,
The Poet cannot claim his Bays.
On me, when Dunces are ſatyrick,
I take it for a Panegyrick.
Hated by Fools, and *Fools to hate*,
Be that my *Motto*, and my *Fate*.

On DREAMS, *an Imitation of* Petronius.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THOSE Dreams that on the ſilent Night intrude,
And with falſe flitting Shades our Minds delude,
Jove never ſends us downward from the Skies,
Nor can they from infernal Manſions riſe;
But all are meer Productions of the Brain,
And Fools conſult Interpreters in vain.

FOR, when in Bed we reſt our weary Limbs,
The Mind unburthen'd ſports in various Whims;
The buſy Head with mimick Art runs o'er,
The Scenes and Actions of the Day before.

THE drowſy Tyrant, by his Minions led,
To regal Rage devotes ſome Patriot's Head.
With equal Terrors, not with equal Guilt,
The Murd'rer dreams of all the Blood he ſpilt.

THE Soldier ſmiling hears the Widow's Cries,
And ſtabs the Son before the Mother's Eyes.
With like Remorſe his Brother of the Trade,
The Butcher fells the Lamb beneath his Blade.

THE Stateſman rakes the Town to find a Plot,
And dreams of Forfeitures by Treaſon got.

Nor

Nor leſs Tom T--d-Man of true Statesmen Mold,
Collects the City Filth in ſearch of Gold.
ORPHANS around his Bed the Lawyer ſees,
And takes the Plaintiff's and Defendant's Fees,
His Fellow Pick-Purſe, watching for a Job,
Fancy's his Fingers in the Cully's Fob.
THE kind Phyſician grants the Huſband's Pray'r,
Or gives Relief to long expecting Heirs.
The ſleeping Hangman ties the fatal Nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead Mens Shoes.
THE grave Divine with knotty Points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his Text:
While the ſly Mountebank attends his Trade,
Harrangues the Rabble, and is better paid.
The hireling Senator of modern Days,
Bedaubs the Guilty Great with nauſeous Praiſe:
And *Dick* the Scavenger with equal Grace,
Flirts from his Cart the Mud in ——'s Face.

To STELLA, *Viſiting me in my Sickneſs*, October 1727.

PALLAS obſerving *Stella*'s Wit
Was more than for her Sex was fit;
And that her Beauty, ſoon or late,
Might breed Confuſion in the State;

In high Concern for human Kind,
Fixt *Honour* in her Infant Mind.

But, (not in Wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious Age)
If Honour I would here define,
It anſwers Faith in Things divine.
As nat'ral Life the Body warms,
And, Scholars teach, the Soul informs;
So Honour animates the Whole,
And is the Spirit of the Soul.

Those num'rous Virtues which the Tribe
Of tedious Moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various Titles call,
True Honour comprehends them all.
Let Melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or Blood, or Phlegm,
It makes no Diff'rence in the Caſe,
Nor is Complexion Honour's Place.

But, leſt we ſhould for Honour take
The Drunken Quarrels of a Rake,
Or think it ſeated in a Scar,
Or on a proud triumphal Car,
Or in the Payment of a Debt,
We loſe with Sharpers at Picquet;
Or, when a Whore in her Vocation,
Keeps punctual to an Aſſignation;
Or that on which his Lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar Knaves wou'd loſe their Ears:

Let *Stella*'s fair Example preach
A Leſſon ſhe alone can teach.

In Points of Honour to be try'd,
All Paſſions muſt be laid aſide;
Aſk no Advice, but think alone,
Suppoſe the Queſtion not your own;
How ſhall I act? Is not the Caſe,
But how wou'd *Brutus* in my Place;
In ſuch a Cauſe wou'd *Cato* bleed;
And how wou'd *Socrates* proceed?

Drive all Objections from your Mind,
Elſe you relapſe to Human kind;
Ambition, Avarice, and Luſt,
And factious Rage, and Breach of Truſt,
And Flatt'ry tipt with nauſeous Fleer,
And Guilt and Shame, and ſervile Fear,
Envy, and Cruelty, and Pride,
Will in your tainted Heart preſide.

Heroes and Heroins of old,
By Honour only were enroll'd
Among their Brethren in the Skies,
To which (tho' late) ſhall *Stella* riſe.
Ten thouſand Oaths upon Record,
Are not ſo ſacred as her Word;
The World ſhall in its Atoms end,
E're *Stella* can deceive a Friend.
By Honour ſeated in her Breaſt,
She ſtill determines what is beſt:

What Indignation in her Mind
Againſt Enſlavers of Mankind!
Baſe Kings and Miniſters of State
Eternal Objects of her Hate.

She thinks that Nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to Man alone confin'd,
Can Cowardice her Sex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes to Scorn;
She wonders where the Charms appear
In ſuch a Canaanite,
For *Stella* never knew the Art
At proper Times to feign and ſmart,
Nor calls up all the Houſe at Night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a Thing in White.
Doll never flies to cut her Lace,
Or throw cold Water in her Face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden Drum,
Or found an Earwig in a Plum.

Her Hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that Fund of Wit and Senſe,
Which, tho' her Modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the Sun behind a Cloud;
While Gracefulneſs its Art conceals,
And yet thro' ev'ry Motion ſteals.

Say, *Stella*, was *Prometheus* blind,
And forming you, miſtook your Kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The Fire that forms a manly Soul;

IV. Then,

Then, to compleat it ev'ry Way,
He moulded it with Female Clay,
To that you owe the nobler Flame,
To this, the Beauty of your Frame.
How wou'd Ingratitude delight?
And how wou'd Cenſure glut her Spight?
If I ſhould *Stella*'s Kindneſs hide
In Silence, or forget with Pride,
When on my ſickly Couch I lay,
Impatient both of Night and Day,
Lamenting in unmanly Strains,
Call'd ev'ry Pow'r to eaſe my Pains,
Then *Stella* ran to my Relief
With chearful Face, and inward Grief,
And tho' by Heav'n's ſevere Decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,
No cruel Maſter could require
From Slaves employ'd for daily Hire
What *Stella* by her Friendſhip warm'd,
With Vigour and Delight perform'd.
My ſinking Spirits now ſupplies
With Cordials in her Hands, and Eyes,
Now with a ſoft and ſilent Tread,
Unheard ſhe moves about my Bed.
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous Draught,
And ſo obligingly am caught:
I bleſs the Hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my Face for Shame.

BEST Pattern of true Friends, beware:
You pay too dearly for your Care;
If while your Tenderness secures
My Life, it must endanger yours.
For such a Fool was never found,
Who pull'd a Palace to the Ground,
Only to have the Ruins made
Materials for an House decay'd.

VERSES *on the* DEATH *of Dr.* SWIFT, *occasioned by reading the following Maxim in* ROCHFOUCAULT.

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvous toujours quelque choses, qui ne nous deplaist pas.

AS *Rochfoucault* his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe 'em true:
They argue no corrupted Mind
In him: The Fault is in Mankind.

This Maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human Breast:
"In all Distresses of our Friends
"We first consult our private Ends:
"While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
"Points out some Circumstance to please us."

If

If this perhaps your Patience move;
Let Reason and Experience prove.

We all behold with envious Eyes
Our Equal rais'd above our Size.
I love my Friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher Post;
Suppose it but an Inch at most.
If in a Battle you should find
One, whom you love of all Mankind,
Had some heroick Action done,
A Champion kill'd or Trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Wou'd you not wish his Laurels crope?
Dear honest *Ned* is in the Gout,
Lies rack'd with Pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the Case is not your own!

What Poet would not mourn to see
His Brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excell
He'd wish his Rivals all in Hell.

Her End when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, Stings and Hisses;

The ſtrongeſt Friendſhip yields to Pride,
Unleſs the Odds be on our Side.

Vain human Kind! fantaſtick Race!
Thy various Follies who can trace?
Self-love, Ambition, Envy, Pride,
Their Empire in our Hearts divide.
Give others Riches, Power, and Station;
'Tis all on me a Uſurpation.
I have no Title to aſpire;
Yet when you ſink, I feel the higher.
In *Pope* I cannot read a Line,
But with a Sigh I wiſh it mine;
When he can in one Couplet fix
More Senſe, than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous Fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his Wit.
I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my Friend,
Who dares to Irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it firſt, and ſhew'd its Uſe.
St. *John*, as well as *Pultney*, knows
That I had ſome Repute for Proſe;
And, till they drove me out of Date,
Could maul a Miniſter of State.
If they have mortify'd my Pride,
And made me throw my Pen aſide;

If

If with such Talents Heav'n hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my Foes dear Fortune send
Thy Gifts, but never to my Friend;
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with Envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of Proem;
Proceed we therefore to our Poem.

The Time is not remote when I
Must by the Course of Nature die;
When I foresee, my special Friends
Will try to find their private Ends.
And tho' 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my Death can do them good;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor Gentleman! he droops apace,
You plainly find it in his Face.
That old Vertigo in his Head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his Memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his Friends to mind;
Forgets the Place where last he din'd;

Plies you with Stories o'er and o'er;
He told 'em fifty times before.
How does he fancy, we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashon Wit?
But he takes up with younger Folks,
Who, for his Wine, will bear his Jokes.
Faith, he muſt make his Stories ſhorter,
Or change his Comrades once a Quarter:
In half the time, he talks them round,
There muſt another Sett be found.

For Poetry, he's paſt his Prime;
He takes an Hour to find a Rhime;
His Fire is out, his Wit decay'd,
His Fancy ſunk, his Muſe a Jade.
I'd have him throw away his Pen;
But there's no talking to ſome Men.

And then, their Tenderneſs appears,
By adding largely to my Years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the Second.
He hardly drinks a Pint of Wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good Sign.
His Stomach too begins to fail:
Laſt Year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing;
I wiſh he may hold out till Spring.

Then

Then hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
It is not yet ſo bad with us.

In ſuch a Caſe they talk in Tropes,
And, by their Fears, expreſs their Hopes.
Some great Misfortune to portend,
No Enemy can match a Friend.
With all the Kindneſs they profeſs,
The Merit of a lucky Gueſs.
When daily Howd'ys come of Courſe,
And Servants anſwer, "worſe and worſe!"
Wou'd pleaſe 'em better, than to tell,
That, God be praiſed, the Dean is well.
Then he, who prophely'd the beſt,
Approves the Judgment of the reſt.
"You know, I always feared the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chooſe that I ſhould die,
Than his Prediction prove a Lie.
Not one foretels, I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet ſhould ſome Neighbour feel a Pain
Juſt in the Parts where I complain,
How many a Meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty Prayers, that I ſhould mend!
Enquire what Regimen I kept;
What gave me Eaſe, and how I ſlept?

And

And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the Snivelers round my Bed.

My good Companions, never fear;
For, though you may miſtake a Year,
Though your Prognoſticks run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.

Behold the fatal Day arrive!
How is the Dean? he's juſt alive.
Now the departing Prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead.

Before the Paſſing-Bell begun,
The News thro' half the Town has run.
Oh! may we all for Death prepare!
What has he left? And who's his Heir?
I know no more that what the News is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to publick Uſes.
To publick Uſes! there's a Whim!
What had the Publick done for him?
Mere Envy, Avarice, and Pride:
He gave it all —— but firſt he dy'd.
And had the Dean in all the Nation
No worthy Friend? No poor Relation?
So ready to do Strangers Good,
Forgetting his own Fleſh and Blood?

Now

Now Grubſtreet Wits are all employ'd;
With Elegies the Town is cloy'd:
Some Paragraph in every Paper
To *curſe* the *Dean*, or *bleſs* the *Drapier*.
The Doctors, tender of their Fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the Blame.
We muſt confeſs his Caſe was nice;
But he would never take Advice.
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd theſe twenty Years:
For, when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital Parts were ſound.
From *Dublin* ſoon to *London* ſpread,
'Tis told at Court, the Dean is dead.
And Lady *S*——— in the Spleen
Runs laughing up to tell ***.
** ſo gracious, mild and good
Cries, "is he gone! 'tis time he ſhou'd.
" * * * * * *
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Now *Chartres*, at ——— Levee,
Tells with a Sneer the Tidings heavy:

Why,

Why, if he dy'd without his Shoes,
(Cries ———) I'm ſorry for the News:
Oh, were the Wretch but living ſtill,
And in his Place my good Friend *Will!*
Or had a Mitre on his Head,
Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead!

Now *Curl* his Shop from Rubbiſh drains:
Three genuine Tomes of *Swift's* Remains!
And then to make them paſs the glibber,
Revis'd by *Tibbalds, Moore* and *Cibber.*
He'll treat me as he does my Betters,
Publiſh my Will, my Life, my Letters;
Revive the Libels born to die;
Which *Pope* muſt bear as well as I.

Here ſhift the Scene, to repreſent
How thoſe I love my Death lament.
Poor *Pope* will grieve a Month, and *Gay*
A Week, and *Arbuthnot* a Day.

St. John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his Pen, and drop a Tear.
The reſt will give a Shrug, and cry,
"I'm ſorry, but we all muſt die!"

Indiff'rence clad in Wiſdom's Guiſe
All Fortitude of Mind ſupplies:

For how can ſtony Bowels melt,
In thoſe, who never Pity felt?
When we are laſht, they kiſs the Rod,
Reſigning to the Will of God.

The Fools, my Juniors by a Year,
Are tortur'd with Suſpence and Fear;
Who wiſely thought my Age a Screen,
When Death approacht, to ſtand between;
The Screen remov'd, their Hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.

My female Friends, whoſe tender Hearts
Have better learn'd to act their Parts,
Receive the News in doleful Dumps:
"The Dean is dead (pray what is Trumps?)
"Then, Lord, have Mercy on his Soul.
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the Vole)
"Six Deans, they ſay, muſt bear the Pall.
"(I wiſh I knew what King to call.)
"Madam, your Huſband will attend
"The Fun'ral of ſo good a Friend:
"No, Madam, 'tis a ſhocking Sight,
"And he's engag'd to-morrow Night;
"My Lady Club will take it ill,
"If he ſhou'd fail her at Quadrill.
"He lov'd the Dean (I lead a Heart)
"But deareſt Friends, they ſay, muſt part.

"His

" His Time was come, he ran his Race;
" We hope he's in a better Place.

Why do we grieve that Friends ſhould die?
No Loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One Year is paſt; a different Scene!
No farther mention of the Dean:
Who now, alas, no more is miſt,
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the Favourite of *Apollo*?
Departed: ——— *And his Works muſt follow:*
Muſt undergo the common Fate,
His kind of Wit is out of Date.

Some Country Squire to *Lintot* goes,
Enquires for *Swift* in Verſe and Proſe,
Says *Lintot*, " I have heard the Name,
" He dy'd a Year ago. The ſame.
He ſearches all the Shop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in *Duck-Lane*.
" I ſent them with a Load of Books,
" Laſt *Monday* to the Paſtry Cooks,
" To fancy, they could live a Year!
" I find, you're but a Stranger here.
" The Dean was famous in his Time,
" And had a kind of Knack at Rhime.
" His way of Writing now is paſt:
" The Town has got a better Taſte.

" I

" I keep no antiquated Stuff,
" But Spick and Span I have enough,
" Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
" Here's *Colley Cibber*'s Birth-day Poem.
" This Ode you never yet have ſeen
" By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.
" Then, here's a Letter finely pen'd
" Againſt the *Craftſman* and his Friend:
" It clearly ſhews, that all Reflection
" On Miniſters is Diſ-affection.
" Next, here's Sir *Robert*'s Vindication,
" And Mr. *Henley*'s laſt Oration.
" The Hawker's have not got 'em yet:
" Your Honour pleaſe to buy a Sett?

Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A Club aſſembled at the *Roſe*:
Where, from Diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the Subject of their Chat.

The Dean, if we believe Report,
Was never ill receiv'd at Court.
Altho' ironically grave,
He ſham'd the Fool, and laſh'd the Knave.
" Sir, I have heard another Story;
" He was a moſt confounded Tory;
" And grew, 'or he is much bely'd,
" Extremely dull before he dy'd.

Can

Can we the *Drapier* e'er forget?
Is not our *Nation* in his Debt?
'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters* ——!

" He ſhou'd have left them for his *Betters*;
" We had a hundred *abler Men*,
" Nor need *depend* upon his *Pen* ——
" Say what you will about his *reading*,
" You never can *defend* his *Breeding*:
" Who, in his *Satyrs* running riot,
" Cou'd never leave the *World* in *quiet* ——;
" Attacking, when he took the *Whim*,
" *Court*, *City*, *Camp*; all one to him ——.

" But, why wou'd he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
" Offend our *Patriot*, Great Sir *R* ——?
" Whoſe *Councils*, aid the Sov'reign Pow'r,
" To *ſave* the *Nation* ev'ry Hour.
" What *Scenes* of Evil he unravels,
" In *Satyrs*, *Libels*, *Lying Travels*!
" Not ſparing his own *Clergy-Cloth*,
" But, *eats* into it like a *Moth* ——!

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean,
Had too much Satyr in his Vein;
And ſeem'd determin'd no to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no Age could more deſerve it.
Vice, if it e're can be aſham'd,
Muſt be or *Ridicul'd*, or *Loſh'd*.

If

If you *reſent* it, who's to blame?
He neither knew *you*, nor your *Name*.
Should Vice expect to 'ſcape Rebuke,
Becauſe its Owner is a Duke?
His Friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling Kind;
No Fools of Rank or Mongrel Breed,
Who fain wou'd paſs for Lords indeed:
Where Titles give no Right or Power,
And Peerage is a wither'd Flower,
He wou'd have deem'd it a Diſgrace,
If ſuch a Wretch had known his Face.
He never thought an Honour done him,
Becauſe a Peer was proud to own him.
Wou'd rather ſlip aſide, and chooſe
To talk with Wits in dirty Shoes;
And ſcorn the Tools, with Stars and Garters,
So often ſeen careſſing *Chartres*.

He kept with Princes due Decorum,
Yet never ſtood in Awe before 'em.
He follow'd *David*'s Leſſon juſt:
In Princes never put his Truſt;
And, would you make him truly ſower,
Provoke him with a Slave in Power.

" Alas, poor *Dean!* his only Scope
" Was, to be held a *Miſanthrope*.

" This into gen'ral *Odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much Good may do him!*
" His *Zeal* was not to lash our *Crimes*,
" But, *Discontent* against the *Times*:
" For, had we made him *timely* Offers,
" To *raise* his *Post*, or *fill* his *Coffers*,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *Brethren* of his *Gown*:
" For *Party* he would scarce have bled ——;
" I say no more ——, because he's *dead* ——.
" What *Writings* has he left behind ——?
I hear, they're of a different kind;
A few, in *Verse*; but most, in Prose ——.
" Some *high flown Pamphlets*, I suppose ——;
" All scribbled in the *worst* of *Times*,
" To *palliate* his Friend *Oxford's* Crimes,
" To praise Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
" As never fav'ring the *Pretender* ——;
" Or *Libels* yet conceal'd from Sight,
" Against the *Court* to shew his *Spight*,
" Perhaps, his *Travels*, *Part the Third*,
" A *Lye*, at ev'ry *second* Word;
" Offensive to a *Loyal* Ear ——:
" But —— *not one Sermon*, you may *swear* ——.

As for his Works, in Verse or Prose,
I own my self no Judge of those.

Nor

Nor can I tell what Criticks thought 'em;
But this I know, all People bought 'em;
As with a moral View design'd,
To *please*, and to *reform* Mankind:
And, if he often miss'd his Aim,
The *World* muſt own it, to their *Shame*;
The *Praiſe* is *His*, and *Theirs* the *Blame*.
He gave the little Wealth he had,
To build a Houſe for Fools and Mad:
To ſhew, by one Satyric Touch,
No Nation wanted it ſo much.
And ſince you dread no farther Laſhes,
Methinks you may forgive his Aſhes.

FINIS.